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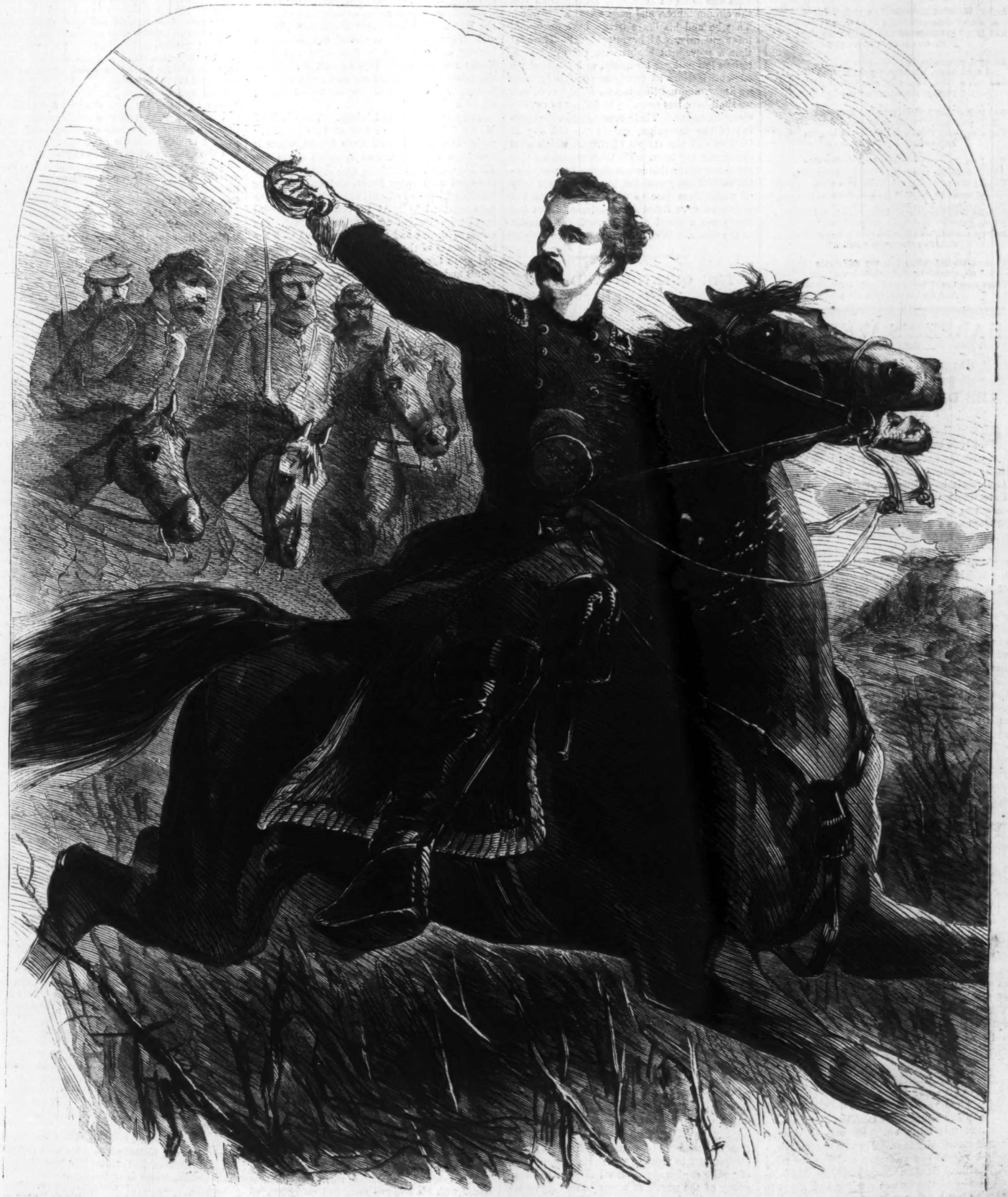


BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 187.]

THE SENTINEL ON MORRIS ISLAND.

With measured tread along his lonely beat,
At twilight, dawn, or in the darksome night,
Or when at noon the sun, with growing heat,
Lets fall his dazzling light—

The watchful sentinel, up and down the shore,
Paces with weary feet the yielding sand,
While the salt waves, with deep and sullen roar,
Shout hoarsely to the land.

At dawn he sees the glitt'ring morning star
Set like a jewel in the roseate sky;
And glimmering to the sight, within the bar,
The fleet at anchor lie.

He sees the city, distant, dull, and gray,
Its quaint old roofs and slender, tapering spires,
When darkly painted at the close of day
Against the sunset's fires.

At night he sees the heavens all spangled o'er
With shining gems that like bright watch-fires burn;
And though far off, and on a hostile shore,
His thoughts to home will turn.

Or maybe, in the pitiless, cold storm,
While moans the wind like some poor soul in pain,
With drooping head and weary, bended form
He braves the pelting rain,

And in his mind there dwells a picture fair—
A cottage-room with walls like purest snow,
And round the hearth-stone friendly faces there
Shine in the fire's warm glow.

An aged man, with locks all silver white;
An aged dame, his helpmate she through life;
And still a third, with mild eyes beaming bright,
Perhaps the soldier's wife;

And rosy children climb upon her knee—
With smiling face looks on the aged dame—
They, laughing, clap their little hands in glee,
And sweetly lisp his name.

Now from the frowning batteries bristling side
Peals forth the murderous cannon's awful roar,
Waking the answering echoes, far and wide,
From shore to farthest shore.

So fades the picture: each loved form is fled—
That waking vision, beautiful yet brief;
And up the beach with solid, steady tread
Comes on the brave "Relief."

Then on his bed, while falls the chilly rain
And other sentinels their vigils keep,
Sweet thoughts of home go flitting through his brain,
And fill his dreamful sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 19, 1864.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

THE preliminary operations of the campaign of 1864 have not been entirely satisfactory, but, with the exception of the battle of Olustee, in Florida, they have resulted in no disaster. The rebels have been kept wide awake along their whole line, and the lesson which was taught us by General Jeb Stuart's ride around M'Clellan's army upon the Peninsula, Kilpatrick's second raid proves that we have very thoroughly learned. This last movement was a rapid dash, breaking communications and scaring Richmond. Its result is inevitably a sense of insecurity in the rebel capital. It teaches that city and every spectator of the great struggle that we have at last learned war, and that the daring Yankee genius has recovered from the astonishment and apparent paralysis into which the outbreak of the rebellion seemed to have plunged it.

There has been considerable lamentation over the result of this raid and of Sherman's mystic march. But any man who has closely watched affairs can only be amused by it. When Sherman moved from Vicksburg the advance of his column was accompanied by the most imposing newspaper columns of military speculation and promise. He was on his way to Mobile. He was flanking Johnson's army. His "objective" was Meridian, or Selma, or Montgomery, or the Gulf. He would enter Georgia at this point or at that. It was a very fine array of hopes, surmises, theories, possibilities, probabilities. Meanwhile the solitary fact was that he had moved with an uncertain number of men and with the lightest artillery. If we had waited for some definite news from him we should have been spared much distress and disappointment. It is to the positive assertions upon half knowledge, and to the peculations upon inaccurate data, that we owe much of our chagrin at the problematical result. A mere raid, a reconnoissance in force, a diversion, were theories quite as plausible and more probable than the capture of Mobile or the turning of Johnson's flank. Very much of our ill-humor is simply revenge upon our own mistake.

So with Kilpatrick's raid. We had the usual mysterious leakage in the newspapers that the Army of the Potomac was in motion; that news might be expected; that there was no battle up to 10 A.M.; and all the rest of it, with which three years' experience ought to have made us good-humoredly familiar. Then Kilpatrick was fairly off. He was to destroy Lee's communications. He was to sack Richmond, release our prisoners, and bag the rebel authorities. Butler was to join him—had joined him—and victory was settling and about to perch upon his flag. Meade was to advance, fall upon Lee with no retreat behind him, and effectually finish him. And all this because the brave Kilpatrick with three or four thousand men was off upon a raid through the enemy's rear.

He makes his raid. He destroys railroads, canals, and bridges. He captures prisoners, and burns mills and supplies. He fights his way through the first line of defenses about Richmond. Colonel Dahlgren is misled by a guide whom he hangs, and is therefore unable to join him in time. Kilpatrick withdraws. He comes riding safely into General Butler's lines, his total loss in every way not more than a hundred and fifty men; and after three days' rest soldiers and horses will be ready again for duty. It is a brilliant foray; but because Richmond is not taken, nor Lee defeated, nor the rebel leaders snared, we cry pish! and exclaim, "Is that all?"

Now is this fair? Is not our disappointment the result of the failure of our theories rather than of the expedition? We make a plan which looks very admirable. It does not chance to be the plan of the movement, and we are disgusted. There can be no doubt that Kilpatrick's plan was to do all he could; all that the force, the circumstances, and good fortune permitted. That he and his brave troops have done, and most gallantly. All honor to them! The next time a movement begins with the usual mysterious intimations, let us try, at least, to shape our anticipations as nearly as possible by what we know, and not by what we wildly wish, and we shall have less occasion to feel or to express disappointment. There is nothing in the opening of the campaign, except the sad day at Olustee and the retreat of Smith, which need dishearten any man. We must remember that the rising of the tide is not shown by every single wave at every moment, but by the great body of water from time to time. How often last spring we were foiled at Vicksburg! But last year's was a grand campaign. Don't grumble at the waves. Watch the tide-marks.

THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER.

There is surely no need of misunderstanding the reported correspondence between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase. After the Pomeroy Circular appeared Mr. Chase asked the President if the attitude in which his friends had placed him of a candidate for the Presidency could prejudice the public interests under his charge. The President replied that he could not see why it should, but that, of course, Mr. Chase must be the judge.

Nothing could be simpler or fairer on both sides. Yet it is equally clear that, if Mr. Chase had known the contents of the Pomeroy Circular, he could not honorably remain in his position: not because he is a candidate for the Presidency, but because he is the confidential adviser of the President, and the Circular charges Mr. Lincoln with corruption and with treachery to the nation and liberty. But when Mr. Chase assures the President that he had no knowledge of the Pomeroy Circular, there is no more occasion for his withdrawal from the Cabinet than for that of Mr. Stanton.

The contest for the nomination promises to be warm, as is natural when men are in earnest. But it should be remembered that it is for the nomination, not for the election. And when the *Westliche Post*, a German paper in St. Louis, raises the standard of Frémont, and says that it means to fight under that, whatever the Convention may decide, it merely declares that it will gratify itself at any cost or risk to the country. It is to be hoped that the *Westliche Post* does not regard such a course as loyal or patriotic. For while every man has a right to vote for whomsoever he will, yet at a time like this every loyal citizen will ask, *If I can't have my own way exactly, what is the next best course?* If the friends of Mr. Lincoln, of Mr. Chase, of General Frémont, or of General Butler, should all take the ground that they will in any case vote for their favorite, and for nobody else, it certainly is neither worth while for Union men to go into an election nor to pay another penny for the prosecution of the war.

We do not anticipate such an early suicide of the country. Such expressions are but the first ardors of the canvass. They last often until the nomination, but if the heart of the people is sound they do not last until the election. We can remember very well that when Mr. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago eminent political friends of Mr. Seward gnashed their teeth and vowed that New York would not vote for him. The eminent gentlemen thought better of it before the election, and imperial New York gave Mr. Lincoln fifty thousand majority. Unless the party spirit of Union men is stronger than their patriotism the Union candidate will be surely elected. The question for us then is, simply, who of all the gentlemen mentioned is, under the circumstances, most likely to carry the country with the least peril through the necessary excitement of a renewal of the Administration, and to prosecute, with the largest share of public confidence upon all sides, the present policy of the war. It seems to us that to ask the question is to answer it with the name of Mr. Lincoln.

THE TWENTIETH U. S. COLORED REGIMENT.

Union Square is fast becoming historic ground. Less than ten years ago we stood there one evening while a band played a serenade; after which Fernando Wood introduced James Buchanan from the balcony of the Everett House to the crowd beneath. Last week we stood there, while from a platform beneath the balcony the son of Rufus King, in lofty and touching words, presented the flag of the Union and of Liberty to the first regiment of colored troops that has marched from this city to defend both. Elsewhere in this paper there is a picture of the scene; and no scene of the war has been more striking or significant. In the same Square three years ago there was the first great gathering of the American people in support of the war; when General Anderson and the soldiers of Sumter were the heroes of the hour, and the war begun in Charleston harbor had been continued in the streets of Baltimore. Last spring, in the same Square, was the great meeting upon the anniversary of Sumter, preceded by the formal dedication of the Loyal Club-House. This spring's spectacle completes the cycle. The seed that Buchanan planted and Wood watered produced the attack on Sumter, and the riots in Baltimore and New York; and no less, by God's grace, it produced the meetings of April 1861 and 1863, and the honorable and hearty God-speed to the colored soldiers.

The day was soft and bright. The winds of March forgot to blow; and at 11 o'clock the regiment arrived from Riker's Island, where it had been encamped, and marched down the Fifth Avenue. Windows and door-steps were thronged with eager forms, and under waving handkerchiefs and friendly salutations the brave men marched by. At 1 o'clock they wheeled into Union Square from Fourteenth Street. The music of drums and trumpets mingled with the loud huzzas of the great crowd. The windows and steps here also were solid with welcoming hands and faces, and on the Loyal Union Club-House the flag was flying, as on the chief buildings in the Square. A line of policemen kept the space clear where Seventeenth Street crosses the Square. The tops of the houses were dotted with spectators. A huge platform was built out from the windows of the Club-House and filled with ladies; and a smaller stage, from which the speech of presentation was to be made, stood between the Club-House and the Everett House. The regiment advanced into the open space amidst the cheers and tears of those who felt the significance of the spectacle. The soldiers had handled their muskets but five days; but when they obeyed the "order arms" there was a solid, simultaneous ring upon the pavement, which enforced the heartiest applause. Then President King of Columbia College rose, and in a few noble and thrilling sentences, fervent, cheering, and pathetic, addressed Colonel Bartram, and handed him the national and regimental flags. The Colonel, who has seen constant service since the war begun, and who has commanded colored troops, and believes in them, made a manly and modest reply. Cheers were given for the Colonel and the troops. The band played the national airs. Then the regiment raised a mighty shout, and was dismissed for a time to lunch and say good-by. The officers went into the Club-House for oysters and coffee; and toward 4 o'clock the line was formed, and the march began down Broadway.

Every where the soldiers were greeted as a great city ought to greet its defenders, and as it has saluted every departing regiment since the Seventh marched on the 19th of April, three years ago. The flag of the country waved over them in benediction. The prayers of all noble hearts follow them. For these soldiers go to peculiar dangers. Officers and men, they have counted the cost; and for union, liberty, and peace they are willing to pay the price. "It has been the habit of those among us," said Colonel Bartram, "who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us, to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question." Yes, and he and his soldiers will settle it still further, and thereby help to lift the bitter prejudice from the national heart. To no holier work could any man be devoted. God bless the Colonel, the officers, and the men of the Twentieth United States Colored Regiment and the cause they go to defend!

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

"A prisoner states that a Colonel with one foot had been captured," said the first report of Kilpatrick's raid.

"A rebel deserter informs one of my Aids that a one-legged Colonel and about a hundred men were taken prisoners," telegraphed General Butler to the President.

"Of one thing the public may rest assured that these officers will escape if such a thing is within the region of possibilities," said a later account.

"The President received a dispatch from Fortress Monroe this afternoon stating that Colonel Dahlgren, with his hundred men, had safely arrived within our lines. The Colonel was at Fortress Monroe. The President and Secretary Stanton immediately called upon Admiral Dahlgren, to convey the glad tidings and congratulate him upon the safety of his gallant son," said one still later.

"Colonel Dahlgren is dead," said yet another report.

Ulric Dahlgren is scarcely more than twenty years old. He was wounded in the leg last summer, just after the battle of Gettysburg, in the daring dash by which he succeeded in capturing the rebel dispatches from Jefferson Davis to General Lee. His leg was subsequently taken off. Four weeks ago he was a tall, slight, pale-faced boy, sitting quietly in Washington, and saying, pleasantly: "I am waiting for my new leg, and then I shall see whether I can ride again." Four weeks ago! We all know now whether he can ride again. The brave boy has not only dashed at the outworks of the rebel city, but, living or dead, he has ridden straight into the love and honor of his countrymen.

THOMAS STARR KING.

By the death of the Rev. Thomas Starr King the country loses a most valuable citizen; and the large circle which knew him as a preacher, a lecturer, or a friend, deplores the loss of a most genial and delightful companion. Characteristically an American; devoted to every good work; hospitable to every new thought and movement; of the most cheerful temperament and sweet good sense; vigorous, incisive, and brilliant in his public discourse; racy, thoughtful, and generous in his private intercourse, his life is ended before he had completed his fortieth year.

Until five years ago Mr. King was generally known as one of the most eloquent and brilliant of lyceum lecturers, and in a smaller sphere as a liberal preacher of the most charming gifts. Removing to California, the newness of the country and the exigency of the times at once developed all the peculiar force of his genius, and he was universally recognized as a most efficient and successful worker in the great cause. His clear perception, his fervid eloquence, his simple manners and life, his unassuming piety, his signal sagacity took the heart of the young and distant State, and held it fast to the common mother. It was a noble work nobly done. That mother has seen many of her best and dearest fall in the great struggle; some in the field, in the camp, at home, in the hospital, by sudden shot or by lingering disease. But no son of hers had consecrated himself more entirely to the service for which his powers had fitted him, of deepening and strengthening the purest patriotism, and inspiring the most faithful love to God and man, than Thomas Starr King.

A FAITHFUL WIDOW.

The loiterer along Broadway who stops to look at the monument of General Montgomery in St. Paul's church, will be glad to read this touching incident related by Mr. Hunt in his lately published "Life of Edward Livingston." Montgomery was a captain in the British army when he first met Livingston's sister, Janet, whom he afterward married. When the revolutionary war began he was made one of the eight Brigadier-Generals of the army of the United Colonies. He had been married but two years, but his wife did not oppose his departure, and he took leave of her at Saratoga, in 1775, upon his way to Canada. His parting words to her were, "You shall never have cause to blush for your Montgomery;" and she never saw him again.

In the year 1818 the Legislature of New York resolved to transfer his remains from Canada, and Edward Livingston's son, Lewis, the nephew of Mrs. Montgomery, was commissioned by Governor De Witt Clinton to superintend the removal. On the 9th of July they reached Albany, and lay in state in the Capitol. On Monday they were taken under military escort upon the steamer *Richmond* to New York. Mr. Hunt says:

> "The Governor had advised Mrs. Montgomery at about what hour the boat, bearing the remains of her husband, would pass her house, Montgomery Place. By her own request she stood alone upon the portico at the appointed time. She had lived with the General but two years. It was then almost forty-three years since she had parted with him at Saratoga. For a third of a century out of this latter period the waters of the Hudson, like all other waters, had been ignorant of steam vessels. The change which, in the mean time, had come over her person was not greater than that which the face of the country, its government, and all the objects with which she was familiar, had undergone. Yet she had continued as faithful to the memory of her 'soldier,' as she called him, as if she still looked for him to come back alive and unaltered. The steamer halted before her: the 'Dead March' was played by the band, a salute was fired, and the ashes of the departed hero passed on. The attendants of the venerable widow now sought her. She had succumbed to her emotions, and fallen to the floor in a swoon."

LITERARY.

Thackeray, at the time of his death, was engaged upon a Novel, to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill* and *Harper's Magazine*. He had completed and corrected about four of the monthly parts. The fragment will appear in *Harper's Magazine*, commencing in the April Number. The title is "Denis Duval;" the opening scenes are laid in France some half century ago. Of this story Charles Dickens says: "In respect of earnestness, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he had bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a master-piece." This picture, which is essentially a chapter from Thackeray's own life, is contained, we presume, in the first part, now before us.—We find upon our table a new edition of "Vanity Fair," published by the Harpers—the work by which Thackeray first fairly made his mark in literature. The illustrations are from his own sketches, and are as characteristic as the text. It is well known that the illustrations to all of Thackeray's writings are to a greater or less extent from his own drawings; but of late years he was too busy with the pen to often do more with the pencil than furnish bare hints to the artist. But in "Vanity Fair," produced when he had leisure, the drawings are wholly his own. They show that he might have succeeded in attaining the first object of his ambition—that of being the illustrator of Dickens's works.

"The Wife's Evidence," by W. G. Wills, forming the last number (240) of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," is a story of very decided interest.

The new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Calvert Vaux's "Villas and Cottages; a Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States," is well worthy the attention of every man who proposes to build a house which shall be something more than a mere shelter—a home. It contains a series of designs, with plans of interior arrangements, ranging from the humblest log-cabin of the settler up to the village house, suburban villa, and city mansion of the man of larger means and more varied wants; from the country school-house to the stately church. The designs are so carefully prepared and fully worked out that any man who proposes to build can select one suited to his needs and means, and can fairly approximate to its cost. To our mind the most notable feature of this book is the proof which it presents that comfort and privacy may be secured in a dwelling erected at the most moderate cost, as well as in those of higher pretensions.

WHAT WAS IT?

It was not a scold, nor a cuff, nor a kick,
The wound of a sword, nor a blow from a stick,
A shot from any sort of a gun
That ever was forged beneath the sun,
A fall from a horse, nor a bite of a dog;
A burn from a torch carried out in a fog,
That made me ache confoundedly
Just where a gentleman's heart should be.

It was not a plaster, nor lotion, nor draught,
Homeopath practice, or Allopath craft,
Nor any description of patent pill,
That ever was pounded to cure or kill:
Nor the cure for nerves that are running to seed—
A sedative puff of the fragrant "weed,"
That cured my pain. 'Twas a smile for me
Just where a pretty girl's lips should be.

For my heart had been aching for many a day,
And my mind full of trouble and sorrow;
I vowed that I never would see her again,
But haunted her steps on the morrow.
I worried my friends and neglected my work,
Was horribly jealous of stupid young Smirk,
In short, was a nuisence to hear or to see,
Just as a fellow in love should be.

Well! well! it's all over, my smile I got,
And stole something else from its pretty birth-spot;
Went home with a breast that with rapture was thrilling,
Gave a beggar a dollar instead of a shilling,
And the sweet lips that cured me—at breakfast and tea
Are just where a gentleman's wife's should be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*March* 2. The bill to encourage foreign emigration was passed; its principal provisions have been given in our summary under date of February 18.—Mr. Grimes introduced a bill to equalize the grade of line officers in the navy. It provides for a board to examine into the moral, mental, and professional qualifications of all candidates for nomination to a grade below that of Commodore; any one failing to pass to be placed on the retired list.—Mr. Wilkinson, in the form of a personal explanation, made a speech censuring the different commanders of the Army of the Potomac, from M'Clellan to Meade. Among other things he asserted that at Gettysburg Meade had given orders for a retreat, which were countermanded only because an advance corps had become engaged, and so retreat was impossible. The battle of Gettysburg he thought the greatest on record; and if it had been followed up the enemy would have been annihilated; but the army was halted, and Lee allowed to recross the Potomac, while he had only ammunition enough to last four minutes. The want of success of the Army of the Potomac was due not to the soldiers, but to the incapacity of the commanders. Mr. Johnson replied, defending M'Clellan and Meade, laying the blame upon the President. Senators Anthony and Wade attributed Burnside's failure at Fredericksburg to the failure of officers in high command to obey orders.—A joint resolution was adopted for inquiry into the cause of the late disaster in Florida.—The request of the House for a joint committee on the Whisky tax, with instructions to agree upon a tax of not less than 20 or more than 40 cents upon spirits on hand, was refused, by 25 to 14; and a resolution agreeing to a free committee was adopted.——*March* 3. The Military Committee reported back the House bill extending to the 1st of April the time for the payment of bounties, with a recommendation from the Secretary of War; the bill passed.—Mr. Davis offered a joint resolution for amendments to the Constitution: First, "*No negro, or person whose mother or grandmother was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or to any place of trust or profit under the United States.*" Second, "*That the States of Maine and Massachusetts shall constitute one State, to be called East New England, and New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut shall constitute one State, to be called West New England:*" ordered to be printed.—Mr. Powell called up the bill, upon which the Military Committee had reported adversely, prohibiting officers of the army and navy from interfering in elections. We were, he said, the only people who would allow military interference in elections, and it was only recently that it had been permitted. He condemned the orders issued in Kentucky; said that the General Government had overthrown the laws regulating local elections in the loyal States, and held the President responsible.——*March* 4. Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Conference on the Whisky tax, said that after a full discussion the joint Committee of the two Houses had failed to agree; if the Senate adhered to its amendments the bill would be lost, and they would have to wait till another was matured. The Committee therefore recommended that the Senate should recede from its amendments. The bill would then impose a tax of 60 cents upon all liquor manufactured after its passage up to July, leaving any tax after that time to be provided for by future legislation. It also left an additional tax of 40 cents a gallon upon spirits on hand. This was incongruous, and was only to be remedied by future legislation. The Senate then, by 25 to 11, receded from its amendments, and the bill was passed.—Mr. Powell concluded his speech on the interference of the military with elections, reiterating his charges against the Administration, and affirming that the chief reason why the people had borne with the usurpations of power by the Executive was that they could soon have power to make a change. The President was using the military power to promote his own re-election. The amnesty proclamation was a move in that direction. This proclamation was revolutionary, because it overthrows the Constitution upon which the Union is based. What right has the President to dictate who shall be a qualified elector in a State? No honest man could take the oath prescribed in Louisiana by General Banks, for it bound him in the future to support a policy which would allow negroes to vote, provided the President should recommend it. It would require a standing army in each State to carry into effect the provisions of this proclamation, which would place nine-tenths of the population in a State under the control of the other tenth.—The Senate adjourned to Monday, March 7.——*March* 7. A memorial from the Geographical and Statistical Society in favor of a Commercial and Scientific mission to Eastern Asia; petitions for increased railroad and mail facilities between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; and a petition from Eli Thayer for confiscating the lands of rebels and distributing them among soldiers and sailors; and a bill (amending a former one) for aiding in the construction of a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific, were presented and referred.—Mr. Sherman offered a resolution, which was referred, defining the manner in which the President shall be chosen. It says that a quorum of the Senate shall consist of a majority of Senators duly chosen and qualified; if a majority of qualified Presidential electors vote for one person, he shall be President; if the election devolves upon the House, and the majority of the States represented be cast for one person, he shall be President.——*March* 8. A bill amending the act incorporating the city of Washington was passed.—The Committee on the Pacific Railway was instructed to inquire into the expediency of building a road from Lawrence to Fort Leavenworth.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the better organization of the Quarter-master's Department.—Mr. Powell's resolution calling for the report of the Committee to investigate charges against certain army officers at the West, the bill to promote enlistments, and that equalizing the pay of soldiers, were taken up, discussed, and postponed.

House.—*March* 2. Miscellaneous business was transacted, among which was the passage of the Senate bill appropriating $40,000 for the protection of overland emigrants, and an ineffectual attempt by Mr. Eldridge to call upon the Executive to furnish the names of persons confined in forts and prisons or banished to the rebellious States, and a call for correspondence relative to Mexican and Venezuelan affairs.—The bill declaring that the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims did not extend to any claims made for destruction of property by the forces engaged in suppressing the rebellion was taken up and debated at length. Several members of the Border States earnestly opposed the bill; their constituents had suffered severely, and should be indemnified; amendments were adopted providing that certain claims be referred to the Commissary and Quarter-master Generals, and to be paid if certified by them; commissioners to be appointed to examine other claims, care being taken to exclude disloyal persons from indemnity; and limiting to three years the time during which claims must be presented: the whole bill was postponed.—The House agreed to the Senate's proposal for a new Committee of Conference on the whisky tax.——*March* 3. The House, by a small majority, recommitted to the Judiciary Committee the bill, with the amendments relating to the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.—The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the surplus gold in the Treasury was taken up, debated, and postponed.—The question between the two Houses on the whisky tax was again brought forward, the Committee of Conference having again failed to agree. The House refused to ask for another Committee of Conference, and votes to adhere to its disagreement.——*March* 4. The day was devoted to private business.—A resolution was unanimously adopted thanking the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, twelve in number, and directing a copy of the resolution to be sent to each of the survivors.—After deciding an election case, in which Mr. Sleeper contested the seat of Mr. Rice, from Massachusetts, in favor of the latter, the House adjourned.——*March* 5. This day, being Saturday, was devoted to making and listening to speeches. Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, opened, condemning the Democratic party and the doctrine of State Rights, and censuring Mr. Buchanan as a weak and miserable man, unequal to the duties with which he had been intrusted.—Mr. Boyd, of Missouri, replied to a previous speech of his colleague, Mr. Blair, and asserted that the Radical members were the only true representatives of the Union sentiment of that State.—Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, made a long and violent speech against the Administration; affirmed that the republic was dying; that the war was an unchristian one; that the Union could be restored by negotiation; that the operations of the Treasury Department had rendered national bankruptcy inevitable; that General Burnside was infamous for his agency in banishing the statesman and Christian gentleman, Vallandigham. He warned the South not to look forward to separation, but to unite with the conservative men of the North, and return to their allegiance on a basis of perfect security for all their rights and institutions.—Mr. Anderson spoke in defense of the Union men of Kentucky, and said that they would support the President or any other man who would pledge himself to crush out the rebellion.—Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, replied to Mr. Voorhees and others; said that Mr. Vallandigham had been rightly served; and animadverted upon the Democratic party.—Mr. Hubbard spoke at length against slavery, and in favor of the war.—After listening to these speeches the House adjourned to Monday.——*March* 7. After some private business the Postal Committee reported a bill regulating the carrying of the mails between the United States and foreign countries, the essential feature of which is that all steamers from the United States to foreign ports shall receive and carry the mails for a reasonable compensation; it also provides for contracts for carrying the mails between the United States and the Gulf and Pacific ports: the bill was passed.—The Deficiency bill came up, and after a discursive debate on various points, which assumed an unimportant personal turn, was postponed.——*March* 8. Resolutions were presented from the Iowa Legislature in favor of employing disabled soldiers in places under the General Government which they are competent to fill, and in favor of equal pay to white and colored soldiers.—The Deficiency bill was taken up, and an amendment agreed to appropriating $35,000 for medical attendance upon negro refugees and contrabands; and the bill was returned to the Senate, on account of certain amendments of that body to which the House refused to agree.—The Gold bill was taken up; various amendments were proposed and rejected; and finally a substitute offered by Mr. Boutwell was passed by 90 to 34, authorizing the Secretary to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt.—The bill providing for dropping from the Army and Navy Rolls all Generals not actually employed in accordance with their rank, was called up and discussed. According to a report of the War Department there are twenty-five Generals wholly unemployed, thirty-nine employed in various ways, but not in command of corps or brigades: postponed for a week.—The Senate bill establishing a uniform ambulance system was passed; also one increasing the rank and pay of the Provost Marshal-General to those of a Brigadier-General; and one continuing pay to chaplains when absent on leave, or from sickness, or when held by the enemy as prisoners.—The Committee on Public Lands reported a bill, which was recommitted, securing to soldiers and sailors homesteads on confiscated or forfeited estates in the insurrectionary districts.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

This expedition left Stevensburg, Virginia, on Sunday night, the 28th ult., crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, with Hogan's scouting party of forty in the advance. The picket-guard and reserve force along the river being captured before the alarm could be given, the expedition was divided, Colonel Dahlgren moving upon a specific errand first to Frederickhall, on the Virginia Central Railroad, destroying that road and the telegraph line, and then striking the James River Canal six miles east of Goochland Court House. This canal follows the course of James River almost directly west from Richmond. Here six grist-mills were destroyed, one saw-mill, and six canal-boats loaded with grain. Several locks of the canal, and the works at the coal-pits at Manikin's Bend, were also destroyed. Dahlgren's command then struck the plank-road, and moved on to within three miles of Richmond, where it met with a rebel force, and withdrew. Colonel Dahlgren, however, with Major Cook and 100 men, took a different course from the main column, and many of them fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom was the gallant Colonel himself, who was killed at the time of his capture. In the mean time Kilpatrick moved on from Ely's Ford to Spottsylvania Court House. It was then late at night, but the corps moved on to Beaver Dam, which it reached at 5 P.M. on Monday. Beaver Dam is on the Virginia Central Road, about ten miles west of the point where the two lines from Richmond—that to Gordonsville and that to Fredericksburg—cross each other. Here both the railroad and telegraphic communication with Richmond was interrupted. On Monday night the command crossed the South Anna River, where the advance had a skirmish with a picket force near Taylorsville. By 10½ the next morning Kilpatrick had taken up a position within the second line of the defensive works at Richmond, 3½ miles from the city. Here a copy was obtained of the Richmond *Examiner* and *Dispatch* fresh from the press, announcing it *as a rumor that a brigade of Yankee cavalry had crossed the Rapidan*. An hour later the editors of these sheets heard Kilpatrick's guns attacking their third line of fortifications. Here Dahlgren was to join Kilpatrick; but the former not making his appearance, the latter decided to fall back. It was just after he had retired that Dahlgren came up, full three hours too late. Kilpatrick on Tuesday night encamped six miles from Richmond, two miles from the Chickahominy. Here he was attacked by the rebels. A number of horses were killed, but the enemy was repulsed. In the morning Kilpatrick retired to the Pamunkey and moved down the Peninsula. This movement was effected with some difficulty on account of the mud, especially as about a hundred men had been dismounted in the night attack, and had to make their way on foot. During Wednesday the main portion of Dahlgren's command came up, and the next morning the entire force, except Dahlgren himself and his missing hundred, was met by a detachment from General Butler and conducted to Williamsburg. Some three hundred prisoners were captured; several miles of the Central Railroad destroyed, besides property worth millions of dollars to the Confederacy; and on the whole this expedition, besides being the most daring, may be pronounced the most successful raid of the war.

To divert the enemy's attention from Kilpatrick's movements, two corps of the Army of the Potomac moved, on Thursday the 25th February, in the direction of Madison Court House, General Custer's cavalry force taking the advance. On Sunday the enemy's pickets were driven in north of the Rapidan, and his left flank threatened at the same time that Kilpatrick crossed at Ely's Ford. Near Charlottesville Custer fell in with Stuart's rebel cavalry, and destroyed his entire camp equipage, and blowing up six of his caissons retired, being outnumbered by the enemy.

THE SITUATION IN FLORIDA.

Our forces at Jacksonville are being rapidly reinforced. Their position is strongly fortified eight miles in front of the town, and the army is in good spirits. It appears from rebel reports that the Confederate loss was very heavy, almost equal to our own. The main body of the enemy, under General Finnegan, is encamped near Baldwin, a strong position on the route by railroad to Tallahassee.

EAST TENNESSEE AND THE SOUTHWEST.

The rumors which have been afloat in regard to Sherman's expedition are giving way rapidly to settled facts. It is known that at the first of last month Sherman's forces left Vicksburg in two columns commanded respectively by M'Pherson and Hurlbut, and that a cavalry force under General Smith left Memphis at about the same time for the purpose of immediate co-operation, and finally of junction. On the 5th Jackson was occupied, from which point Sherman proceeded to Meridian. From this point the record is not yet fully settled; it is certain, however, that detachments of his force were busily engaged in the destruction of railroad lines in every direction. What Sherman's destination from this point was has not transpired, for Smith's cavalry expedition, overpowered by the concentrated force of the enemy, was compelled to return to Memphis, and this necessitated also a retreat on the part of Sherman, who is now on his way back to Vicksburg.

In Georgia our forces have retired from Tunnel Hill to Ringgold. In East Tennessee Longstreet appears to still maintain his position at Bull's Gap with his cavalry, while his head-quarters are at Greenville. Both of these positions are on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad—Bull's Gap being 56 miles east of Knoxville, and Greenville 74 miles. Morristown, the advanced position of the Federal forces, is 14 miles west of Bull's Gap.

ELECTION IN LOUISIANA.

The Free State ticket has been carried in Louisiana by a majority of over 3000 votes, out of 8000, for Governor Hahn. A vote was cast three-tenths as large as the usual Presidential vote of that State.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gilmore has been re-elected Governor of New Hampshire by a large majority—estimated at 4000—which shows a Union gain over previous elections. The five Republican Councilors are elected; also nine of the twelve Senators are Republican.

SOLDIERS ALLOWED TO VOTE.

The election in this State on the 8th inst. resulted in the ratification of the constitutional amendment allowing our soldiers the right to vote. About one-third of the usual vote was polled, and the Opposition ballot was very weak all over the State.

THE DRAFT.

The Secretary of War has telegraphed to Governor Seymour that bounties will be paid until April 1. As our quota is now so nearly filled this amounts to a virtual suspension of the draft.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

On the morning of the 22d February, the Prussians drove in the Danish outposts and occupied Duppel, from which they were dislodged by a cannonade of four hours, when they retired with considerable loss. Previous to this attack on Duppel, the allies had invaded Jutland—or the continental portion of Denmark—advancing as far as Kolding, which is on the eastern coast, at the head of and commanding the channel (called *Little Belt*) in which Alsen is situated. The Embassadors of Austria and Prussia at Paris and London have explained this advance into Denmark proper as being undertaken solely for strategic purposes. In the mean time the Germans are busily engaged in destroying the Dannewerke at Schleswig. A blockade was threatened on the part of the Danes against all the ports on the eastern coast of Holstein and Schleswig, except Neustadt, to be established from February 25. Other movements are now in operation looking toward a settlement. England has invited the German Federation and the Powers who signed the treaty of 1852 to a Conference in London. This invitation has been accepted by Prussia and Austria; there is doubt, however, whether this implies any cessation of hostilities in the mean while, although orders were to be given against a further advance into Jutland. Denmark herself refuses to regard any negotiations that will not restore Schleswig to its former relations.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DISPUTE.

The rebel ram question again came up for discussion in Parliament on the 23d February. The Attorney-General defended the position of the Government against the attacks of Disraeli and his Tory associates with such success as to obtain a majority of 25 in the House in favor of sustaining the action of the Ministry.

The Opposition having failed in the ram question, tried their luck on the case of the *Chesapeake*, with similar success. Mr. Layard, in behalf of the Government, produced dispatches, showing that, long before the British demand for redress had reached him, Secretary Seward had promptly anticipated the demand by the most courteous apology, with an offer of satisfactory reparation. The Ministry were also severely attacked for their policy in relation to Danish affairs. The London *Times*, however, lays the blame chiefly upon the other European Powers.

"A single word," it says, "from France, Russia, and Sweden would have prevented the invasion of the Duchies; but the ties of gratitude for all services do not bind France; a common nationality and a common danger can not move Sweden; treaties and alliances are alike lost upon Russia. These Powers will neither do any thing now nor tell us what they intend to do hereafter. It is their boast that England is isolated. Meanwhile the Danish monarchy itself seems to be threatened. Nothing would be easier than to send the Channel fleet to the Baltic. But it is not by sea that the fate of Denmark will be decided, and our small land-force could not permanently influence the decision of a war carried on by 40,000 to 50,000 men against States which could, if necessary, place ten times that number in the field; and calm reason steps in to remind us that it is no part of our duty to redress all the injustice which is committed under the sun."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The *Alabama* was at Singapore on the first days of January, where she got coal, and steamed into Malacca Straits. A letter from an American shipmaster says that all her men are discontented, and many were deserting, in defiance of watchful officers. The writer adds that she has completely stopped American commerce in the East, and our vessels were lying up at all ports. A Bombay telegram, of the 29th January, announces that she was cruising off the west coast of India, and had captured and burned the ship *Emma*, of New York.

Late advices from Cape Town confirm the report of the seizure of the rebel privateer *Tuscaloosa* at that place.

The President has commuted the sentence of the deserters heretofore condemned to death to imprisonment at the dry Tortugas during the war.

It appears that the torpedo which sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston was itself destroyed at the same time.

The negroes of Baltimore, Maryland, have held the first of a series of meetings for the purpose of calling the attention of the contrabands to the matter of enlisting in our army.

Captains Sawyer and Flynn, who were sentenced to death by the rebel authorities at Richmond, in retaliation for the hanging of two spies, by General Burnside, have been exchanged.

Admiral Dahlgren is in Washington. It is rumored that he has been relieved from the command of the iron-clad fleet off Charleston. Admiral Farragut will probably be appointed to succeed him.

Brigadier-General Barry, Inspector of United States Artillery, has been relieved, at his own request, from artillery duties, in which he has been engaged, and ordered to report to Major-General Grant.

A negro company of the First Mississippi Infantry were surprised and cut to pieces by rebel guerrillas, dressed in Union uniform, near Tecumseh Landing, on the 14th ult., while standing guard for a foraging party from the steamer *Pringle*. Only two of the negroes escaped death or mortal wounds.

A commission has been appointed by the Secretary of War to visit the camps where all rebel prisoners are confined, and administer to them the oath of allegiance under the President's recent Amnesty Proclamation.

Lieutenant-Commander Joseph H. Sterrett has been detached from the *Katahdin* and ordered to New Orleans to the command of the *Aroostook*.

Lieutenant-Commander Chester Hatfield has been detached from the *Aroostook* and ordered to return North.

Captain Pinckhardt, who was captured with General Scammon, was killed by our own men while in the hands of a band of guerrillas.

Private Irwin, Company D, Twelfth Illinois cavalry, has been dishonorably dismissed the service and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary for representing himself as one of Mosby's guerrillas and committing highway robbery within our lines.

The Richmond *Examiner* of March 1 says that on February 29th 400 more Federal prisoners were shipped for Americus, Georgia. Nearly 3000 have thus far been sent, and there are accommodations for 6000.

The rebel rams in the Roanoke and Neuse rivers, in North Carolina, are said to be almost ready, and are also said to be very formidable. They will doubtless get a warm reception.

There is a rumor that Major-General D. N. Couch, now Commander of the Department of the Susquehanna, will be called to take an important command in the Army of the Potomac.

A private letter from Havana, dated March 1, states that the United States gun-boat *De Soto* was in the dry-dock there. The blockade-runners and secessionists in Havana had threatened to burn the vessel, and also threatened the officers with violence. The Spanish authorities, however, had given the officers of the *De Soto* permission to wear their side-arms, and they now visit the city fully armed.

Brigadier-General D. H. Rucker, Chief Quarter-master of the Dépôt of Washington, has asked to be relieved from duty here and sent into the field.

Committees from different Districts in Pensylvania are now visiting the Army of the Potomac to offer an additional bounty of $200 to veterans, the money to pay the same having been raised in their Districts.

Twenty-five of the thirty thousand veterans of the Army of the Potomac, whose terms of service expire within the next nine months, have re-enlisted. Of the six thousand veterans of the same army who have of late gone home on furlough, five thousand five hundred have already returned to duty, their furloughs having expired.

There is a great rush of Major and Brigadier Generals out of employment for active duty to avoid the effect of the bill to dismiss such from the service.

The total loss at the battle of Chicamauga on the part of the Federals was 17,200. The total loss of the Confederates was 19,600. The time consumed in fighting was 16 hours and 30 minutes. This makes a total combined loss of 36,300, or over 2200 per hour. The total Federal force engaged was 38,000, the rebel force (according to their own reports) was 64,000.

The Louisville *Democrat* says, in reference to the Court of Inquiry on the conduct of Generals M'Cook, Crittenden, and Negley, that the evidence elicited does not sustain a single charge against either of the Generals, but, on the contrary, it shows that "every thing that could be done or expected of a General or a man was done by them at the battle of Chicamauga."

Major-General Randall, of the New York State Militia, died on Thursday, in Buffalo, of disease of the heart.

General Pope is preparing for an active spring campaign against the Indians in the Northwest.

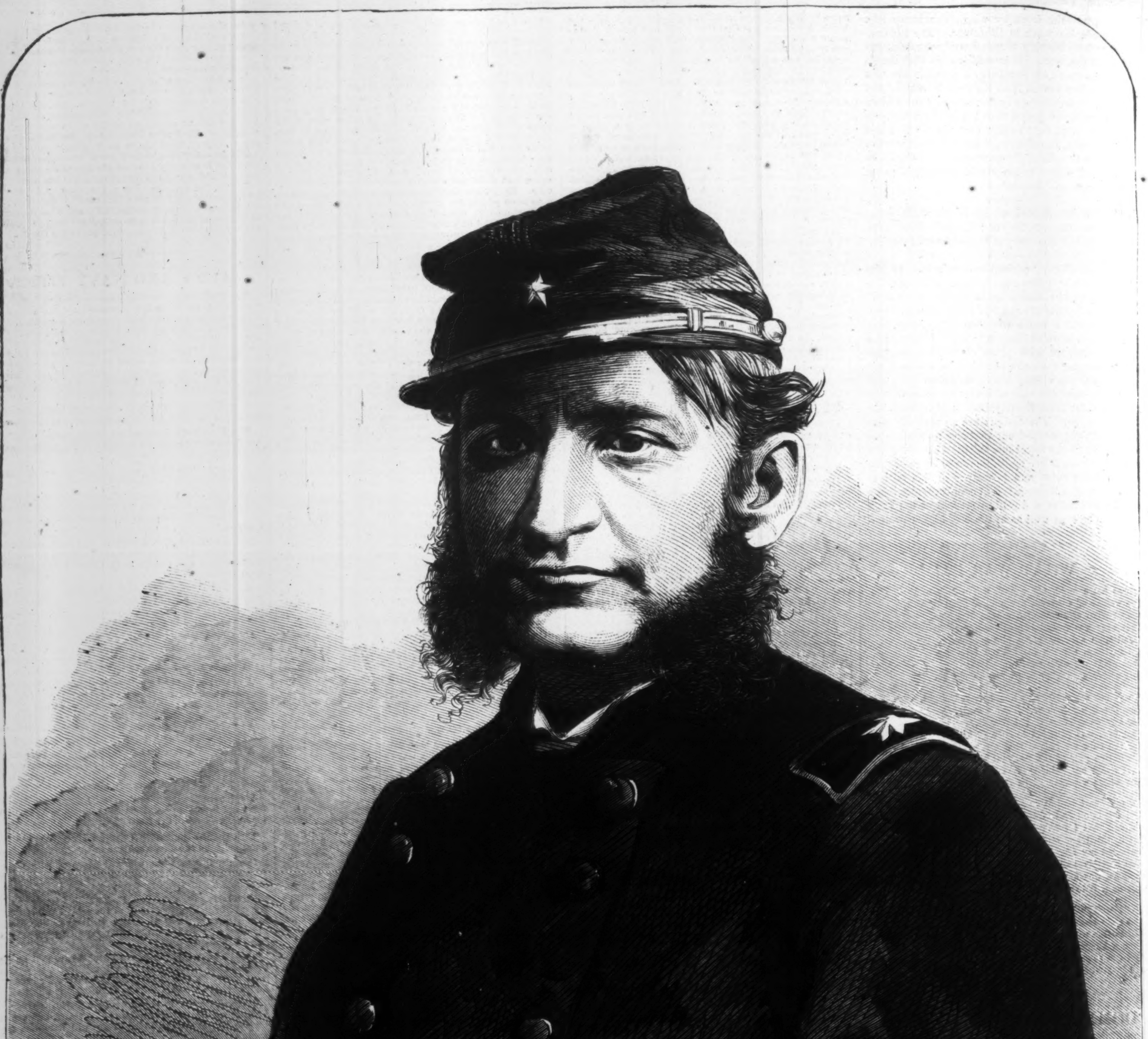
Official Treasury documents show that, during the year 1862, thirteen thousand claims of deceased and discharged soldiers were settled. The number settled during 1863 was 45,700, and there remained unsettled, on the first of January last, 74,600.

By statements from the War Department, furnished the Senate, it appears that there are 70 major-generals, the number allowed by law, in service and drawing pay, and 274 brigadier-generals, one less than the number provided for by law.

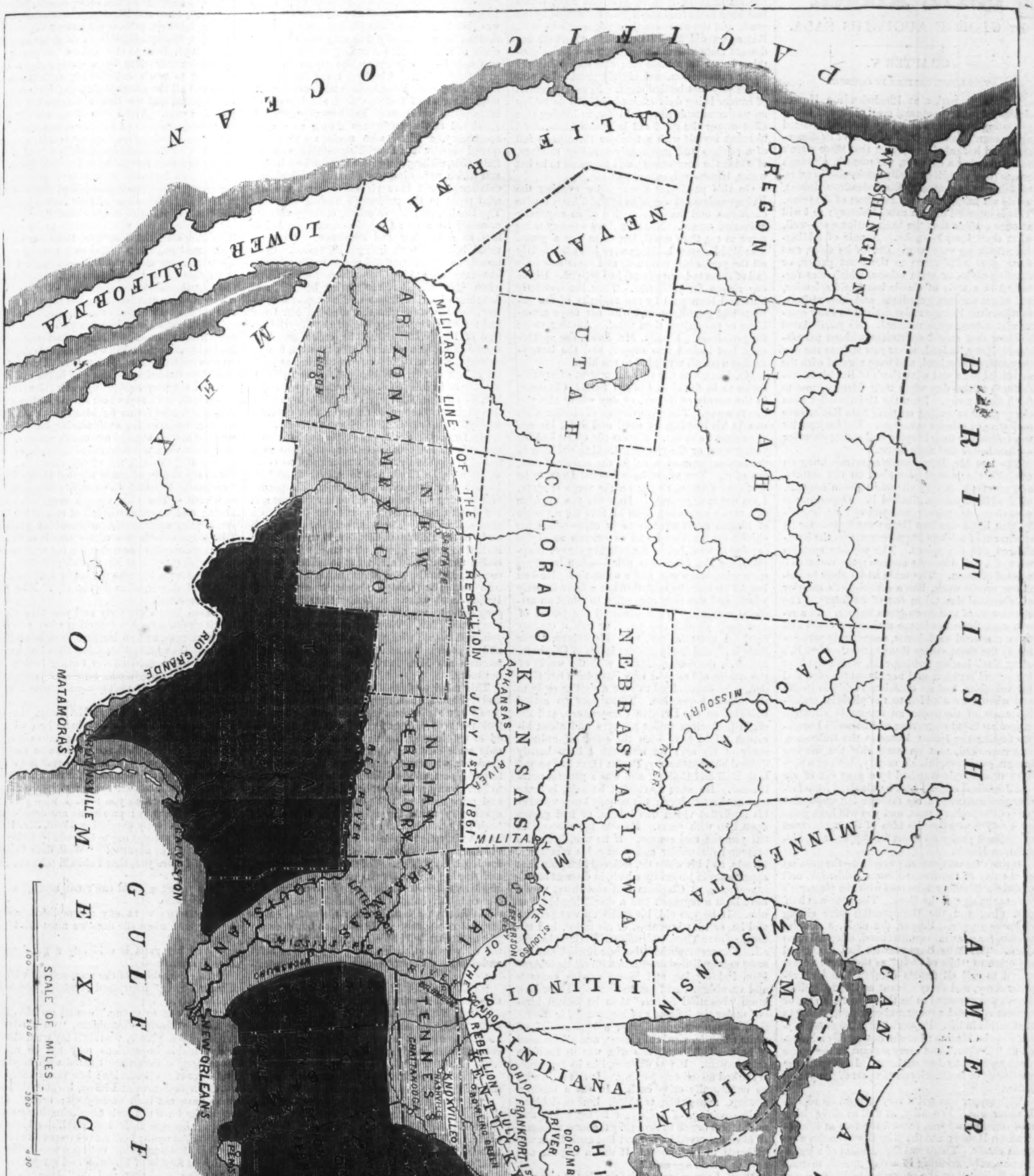
It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite $1200 per annum.

The revised army regulations are amended so that enlisted men who lose or dispose of revolving pistols intrusted to their care will hereafter be charged $20 in each case.

It ought to be generally known that the Government will furnish each soldier who loses a limb in its service with another one, free of expense, and take care of him while the limb is being fitted, through the medical director, 458 Broome Street, New York.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 187.]


PACIFIC OCEAN
LOWER CALIFORNIA
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
OREGON
WASHINGTON
BRITISH AMERICA
IDAHO
UTAH
ARIZONA
TUCSON
NEW MEXICO
SANTA FE
MILITARY LINE OF THE REBELLION JULY 1st 1861
COLORADO
DACOTAH
NEBRASKA
MISSOURI RIVER
KANSAS
ARKANSAS RIVER
INDIAN TERRITORY
RED RIVER
TEXAS
RIO GRANDE
MATAMORAS
BROWNSVILLE
GALVESTON
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
MINNESOTA
IOWA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
ILLINOIS
MISSOURI
JEFFERSON CITY
ST. LOUIS
CAIRO
ARKANSAS
LITTLE ROCK
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
NEW ORLEANS
PENSACOLA
FLORIDA
KEY WEST
INDIANA
OHIO
OHIO RIVER
COLUMBUS
KENTUCKY
FRANKFORT
BOWLING GREEN
REBELLION JULY 1st 1861
TENNESSEE
NASHVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
KNOXVILLE
WEST VA.
1861
WHEELING
VA.
PENNSYLVANIA
HARRISBURG
MARYLAND
WASHINGTON
FREDERICKSBURG
DELAWARE
N. JERSEY
NEW YORK
VERMONT
N. HAMPSHIRE
MAINE
MASS.
CONN.
R.I.
CANADA WEST
CANADA EAST
FORTRESS MONROE
WILMINGTON
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
100
200
300
N.
S.
E.
W.

MAP OF THE REBELLION, AS IT WAS IN 1861 AND AS IT IS IN 1864.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNNYCASTLES IN COUNCIL.

The back parlor at Rhododendron House, dedicated to the nocturnal meal spoken of in the preceding chapter, was a very moderately-sized apartment. Indeed, if an observer of its dimensions had hazarded an opinion that there wasn't room to swing a cat in it, the remark, although coarse (and as such naturally intolerable in an establishment so genteel as Rhododendron House), would not have fallen very far short of the truth. This is intended to be a candid history; so I will at once confess that the back parlor was—well, what shall I say?—poky. A pair of folding-doors took up very nearly one of its sides, and these gave admittance to the front parlor, or drawing-room, or state saloon, which was furnished in a style of classic but frigid splendor, and where parents, guardians, and other visitors, to whom the Bunnycastles desired to show ceremonial honor, were received. No pupil dared to enter that sacred apartment without permission. Many, indeed, never saw it from the day they arrived at school, and were regaled with the sacrificial cake and wine (both of British manufacture) to the day when their friends came to fetch them away. Even the Bunnycastles were chary about intruding on their Sala Regia, save on festive or solemn occasions. The back parlor was essentially their keeping and sitting chamber—their bower and their home.

The late Mr. Bunnycastle's portrait hung on one side the modest pier-glass on the mantle, and an effigy—a very vile one too—in crayons, of Mrs. Bunnycastle, flanked it. Opposite was a small cottage piano; and you will see, by-and-by, that Rhododendron House was famous for its specimens of modern improvements on the harpsichord and the spinet. The window curtains were of a dull decorous moreen; the carpets of a faded crimson. The table had a cloth in imitation needle-work, like a school-girl's sampler of unwonted size taken out of its frame. The chairs were of well-worn green leather. In a recess were three handsome mahogany desks and three rosewood work-boxes, respectively pertaining to the three sisters Bunnycastle. Mrs. B.'s great black leather writing-case, where she kept her school register, and her account-books, and her valuables, had an occasional table to itself; and when I have added to the pictorial embellishments of the room an agreeable although somewhat faded engraving of Pharaoh's Daughter finding the Infant Moses in the Bulrushes, and remarked, that on each side the window hung a cage containing a canary, both of which were unceasingly watched by a gray cat of sly and Jesuitical mien, I may be absolved from further performance of my favorite but unpopular part of the broker's man, and you will have gained a sufficiently definite idea of the appearance of the back parlor set apart for supper at Rhododendron House.

It was the same summer evening—the evening of the day of the flower-show at Chiswick, and of Griffin Blunt's rendezvous with the plasterer's wife at the sign of the Goat. The hour was half past nine, and the Bunnycastles were sitting down to supper. Pepper, the maid, a demure person, far gone into spinsterhood, attended upon them. The Miss Bunnycastles had a decided objection to "bits of girls," as they were accustomed to call all female domestics under five-and-twenty, and every servant at Rhododendron House was expected to be thirty years of age, or to wear caps and a countenance corresponding to that period in life. Pepper's Christian name happened to be Marian; but she was rigidly addressed as "Pepper," and every servant in the house went equally by her surname. It averted the possibility of familiarity on the part of the young ladies.

The supper was not a very sumptuous repast. It never was. Frugality, as well as early rising and timeous retiring, formed the rule at Rhododendron House; and the Miss Bunnycastles were small eaters. There was the remnant of a leg of mutton, cold, grinning in a very ghastly manner after its ordeal on the operating table at the one o'clock dinner. It was brought up more for ornament than for use, and unless some friend dropped in—a very small and select circle of acquaintances were so permitted to pay visits at supper-time—it was rarely subjected to the renewed action of the knife. Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle supped on a small basin of arrow-root. Miss Celia seldom partook of any refreshment more nourishing than a minute parallelogram of stale bread, and a diminutive cube of cheese, with, perhaps, a slip or two of pickled cabbage; and Miss Barbara habitually contented herself with a slice of bread and butter. Yet all of them would have submitted to the severest of sacrifices rather than go without that which they imaginatively styled their "supper." Only with Mrs. Bunnycastle did the meal assume the aspect of substantiality, and not of an airy and fanciful myth. Madame Mère really supped. A nice bit of rump-steak, or a boiled collop, or an egg and a slice of ham, or a mutton-chop, something warm, and meaty, and comfortable, in fact, was always prepared for her. She belonged to the old school, when sentimentality did not in the slightest degree affect the human appetite.

The beverage in which, and in the strictest moderation, the Miss Bunnycastles indulged during their unpretending banquet, was not a more aristocratic one than table-ale of the very smallest brewing. There could scarcely have been malt enough, in a whole cask of it, to have given a headache to the rat that rioted upon the germinated grain lying in the House that Jack built. The ladies just took two or three sips of the mawkish infusion of gyle and hops, which had been more frightened than fermented by the yeast, and the ceremonial supper beer was over. But again did Mrs. Bunnycastle vindicate her descent from the old school. She liked something better than table-ale; and so, for her peculiar sustentation, was nightly provided a pint of the very best bottled stout. Nor—my protest of candor being duly allowed—shall I be taking an unwarrantable liberty, I infer, in hinting that after supper the good old lady was accustomed to refect herself with a tumbler three parts full of a curious and generously-smelling mixture, of which the component parts appeared to be hot water, lemon-peel, sugar, and gin.

On this particular flower-show evening the Bunnycastle meal was of an extraordinary festive character, and the conversation of an unusually animated nature. Not that there was any thing more to eat than usual, but there was a guest. The Mid-summer holidays were just over, nearly all the pupils had returned, and some new ones (all of them to learn extras) had arrived. Hence one reason for jubilation. Then the quarterly bills had been paid by the majority of the parents and guardians, and with not more grumbling or reductions than usual. Another cause for joyfulness. Finally, Mr. Drax, the apothecary, had looked into supper, and the Bunnycastles were all very glad to see him.

Mr. Drax was the very discreetest of apothecaries to be found in College Street, Clapham, in the county of Surrey, or any where else you like to name. The first evidence of his discretion was in his keeping, by word and deed, his age so profound a secret. He was the oldest looking young man, or the youngest looking old man in the medical profession, or, for the matter of that, out of it. You might have fancied Drax to be just over sixteen, or just on the verge of sixty. I am not exaggerating. How are you to judge of a man's age, when upon his face not a vestige of hirsute adornment is to be seen—when his cheeks are as round and as smooth as apples (apples in wax, before the coloring matter is applied, for Mr. Drax was pale)—when he wears spectacles, and a wig, and a white tie? He had lost all his hair, he said, through a fever in early youth, and was thus compelled to adopt an artificial coiffure. When occurred the period of that early youth? two years, or half a century ago? I must answer, with Montaigne, "que scais je?" and the inquisitive ladies of Clapham, although their acquaintance with the works of the quaint old essayist may have been but slender, were constrained to give a similar reply to the oftposed question. There were no actual wrinkles on the Draxian countenance, and the slight puckerings under his eyes and about his mouth might have been the result of arduous study of his art; for although I have hastily dubbed him apothecary, Parfitt Drax had passed both Hall and College, and was a general practitioner. He wore spectacles, he said, because he was short-sighted; but nobody knew whether his imperfect vision was inborn, or had grown upon him with years. He was too discreet to tell you the real reason. If he was, indeed, a profound dissembler and young, his spectacles, his wig, and his white tie, relieved him from that appearance of juvenility which, in discreet boarding-schools, at Clapham and elsewhere, would have been a reproach and a stumbling-block to him. If he was old, his make up was perfect, and he, or his wig-maker, or his tailor, had triumphed over Time, who ordinarily triumphs over all. The accomplished Madame Rachel, and her more accomplished daughter, with all their Arabian, Indo-Syriac, and Mesopotamian enamels and varnishes, could not have made Drax look more "beautiful forever" than he looked himself under the influence of imperturbable discretion, scrupulous cleanliness, a neckerchief of white cambric, a pair of glasses, and a false head of hair. This head, this wig, was in itself an achievement. It was discreet, like its possessor. It showed no tell-tale parting. It was rigid with no unnaturally crisp curls. It was a waving, flowing, reasonably tumbled, human-looking scalp covering, of a discreet mouse color, that might have begun to turn gray the next moment, or have preserved its natural hue until Drax was gathered to his fathers. It was a wig for any age, or for no age at all.

Drax, I say, wore a white tie; but it was not, in the remotest degree, a clerical kerchief, either of the Established Church (stiff, starched, and orthodox) or of the dissenting (limp, frayed, and dubious-hued) pattern, of both which you may see innumerable patterns all the year round at Clapham and Stockwell. It was a strictly medical neckband, a consulting neckcloth, a family cravat—symmetrical without being formal—degagé without being careless, and tied in a little square bow, of whose proportions an evening party and opera-going beau might have been envious. Drax wore very large and stiff wristbands, in hue and consistence belonging to the glacial period. They added to his discreet appearance. His right middle finger was adorned with a mourning ring containing a lady's hair, and an indecipherable monogram. The hair was of an ambiguous shade. It might have been that of his deceased wife, or of his sister, or of his sweet-heart, or of his grandmother. It formed an additional piece of artillery in his discretional battery. I think that if Sir Charles Lyell had looked in upon Drax in College Street, Clapham, before he entered into his dissertations on the antiquity of man, the visit would have afforded that philosopher ample and edifying food for cogitation. But a great many years have passed since 1836, and, peradventure, at the time this story opens Sir Charles had not begun to trouble himself about man's antiquity at all.

Mr. Drax, the apothecary, or general practitioner, was the darling and enfant gâté of Rhododendron House. He was the Vert-Vert of this semi-monastic community—without Vert-Vert's naughtiness and laxity of tongue, however. He was called "Doctor," and his ministrations were deemed so satisfactory that surgeons or physicians of more exalted standing in their profession were but rarely summoned within the Bunnycastle precincts. Clapham being full of doctors driving their broughams, and possessing the most funereal of footmen, and the biggest of brass plates, the genteel medicos naturally felt aggrieved at the preference shown to a mere apothecary, a fellow who made up pills and spread plasters in a flourishing establishment of forty girls, without counting the grown-up ladies, and which, according to ordinarily received calculation, should have yielded a handsome annual profit to the professor's healing vocation. The faculty, properly so called, consequently denounced Drax as an interloper, and sneered at him as a humbug and charlatan. Drax, as usual, behaved with infinite discretion. Contumely and detraction did not so much as make him raise his mild eyebrows in detraction; and when Miss Furblow, the parlor boarder, and daughter of a rich draper of Newington Causeway, was taken ill with the measles, Mr. Drax insisted that Dr. Hopscotch, of the Royal College of Physicians, should be called in. The doctor came, frowned at Mr. Drax, who, nowise irritated, was most obsequious to him, and got his guinea a visit, duly charged to the debit of the draper in Miss Furblow's quarterly account; but, for all that, Dr. Hopscotch failed in gaining the slightest footing as authorized or habitual medical attendant at Rhododendron House.

Mr. Drax was a frequent visitor at the school, not only in his professional capacity, but as a friend of the family. He was allowed to come as often as he liked, and to supper uninvited. In fact, he "dropped in." But on this particular evening his presence at the usual repast was not due to the immediate exercise of his own personal volition. The Bunnycastles had agreed, early in the afternoon, that Mr. Drax should be invited to supper, and in pursuance of the resolution unanimously arrived at in solemn family council, Miss Barbara Bunnycastle had, in her own exquisite (though somewhat attenuated) Italian hand, written to him, "Dear Mr. Drax, *pray* come to supper, as *soon* after nine as ever you *possibly* can. We want so *very* much to *see* you, and *consult* with you on a most *particular* and *important* matter." The original underscorings are Miss Barbara Bunnycastle's, and not mine.

This missive, signed with the initials B. B., and "yours *ever* faithfully," and sealed with Barbara's own signet, bearing the charming enough little motto of "Dinna forget," was duly dispatched at tea-time by the page and knife-boy (the only male creature, with the exception of the gardener, who came once a week for four hours, forming part of the Rhododendronian retinue) to Mr. Drax's surgery or shop in College Street; and punctually at half past nine the discreet apothecary made his appearance in the little back parlor. He had as small an appetite—or, in his discretion chose to be as abstemious as the Bunnycastles themselves; and so, after consuming a very thin slice of the grinning mutton, and sipping a very small quantity of the table-ale, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle mixed him, with her own fair hands (never mind if they were slightly bony), a tumblerful of the warm, colorless, but comforting mixture which her mamma was in the habit of imbibing after supper. Then the conversation, which had hitherto been fitful and desultory, became concentrated and engrossing.

"Did you ever hear of such a strange, romantic affair?" asked Miss Adelaide.

"Only fancy," Miss Celia continued, "no name given—at least no real one—no address, no references, but an offer of fifty guineas a year, payable in advance, for a little girl not yet four years of age."

"And such a beautiful spoken gentleman is the dark one," remarked Barbara.

"And so beautifully spoken is the one with the bald head," interposed Adelaide.

"Rubbish, girls," quoth good Mrs. Bunnycastle. "The bald-headed one isn't a gentleman at all. He's the dark party's man-servant."

"He has lovely eyes," pleaded Barbara, "and charming teeth, and oh! such an angel smile."

"He wears a diamond ring as big as a four-penny-piece," said the practical Adelaide.

"I tell you he's nothing but the other one's valet. He as much as owned it to me the last time he was here. But, master or man, it doesn't much matter. Do tell us now, my dear doctor, whether we ought to take this little girl or not?"

All Mr. Drax's discretion was required to enable him to give this interrogation a fitting reply. He stroked his chin with his hands, and crossed the foot of one leg over the knee of the other, his favorite attitude when in profound meditation. Then he softly swayed his discreet head upward and downward, as though he were weighing the pros and cons of the momentous question. The Bunnycastles regarded him with anxious interest. They had unlimited confidence in his discretion; and at last the wise man spoke:

"Your usual terms, my dear Mrs. Bunnycastle, are—"

"We say forty, and take thirty, or whatever we can get," the lady superior responded, with a sigh. "Miss Furblow, it is true, pays fifty; but then she's a parlor boarder, and her father's a purse-proud tradesman, with more money than wit."

"Parents are growing stingier and stingier every day," added Adelaide. "They think washing costs nothing, and won't even pay for a seat at church or for stationery. That's why we've adopted the viva voce system of instruction, and so saved half the copy-books."

"They have the impudence to come and tell us that there are schools advertised, with unlimited diet, twenty-seven acres of ground, a carriage kept, lectures by university professors, weekly examinations by a clergyman, a drill-sergeant to teach calisthenics, milk from the cow, and all the accomplishments, including the harmonium, and the Indian sceptre for sixteen pounds a year. And no vacations, and the quarter to commence from the day of entrance."

"I wonder what they feed the children upon?" quotes Miss Barbara, disdainfully: "snips and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails, I should imagine."

"I thank Heaven *we* have never advertised," remarked, with proper pride, Mrs. Bunnycastle. "*That* degradation has at least been spared the principals of Rhododendron House."

"Which always will continue to be exempt from such a humiliation," Mr. Drax put in, with a decided bow. It is not so easy a thing to bow when you are sitting down; although I have heard that the first gentleman in Europe, George the Fourth, could manage, when sober, to make a bow in bed. "Advertising has been overdone, even in the case of patent medicines."

The discreet Drax had committed one indiscretion in the course of his professional career. He had dreamed of a Pill which should eclipse the renown of Cockle and Holloway and Parr, which should be vended by millions of boxes one shilling and a penny half-penny each (Government stamp included), and which should realize a rapid and splendid future for himself. Drax's Antiseptic, antizymotic, antivascular Herbal Pills were launched, but did not attain success. Either they were not advertised enough, or they were puffed through the wrong channels. 'Tis not every one to whom is allotted shares in the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, whose terminus is wealth. The pills were a sore point with Drax; and his cellar was full of unsold boxes of Antiseptic, antizymotic, antivascular globules. I hope the constitution of the rats benefited by their consumption, and that the old women supplied with the pills at Mr. Drax's gratuitous consultations were likewise the better for them.

"Well, doctor, what do you say?" Miss Adelaide continued.

"Your terms are forty and you take thirty, making even a further reduction when vacancies are numerous, and an increase in numbers is desirable. You had rather a bad time last quarter but one, when, scarlet fever having broken out, of thirty-eight pupils who were sent home to escape infection only twenty-nine returned to resume their studies."

"And then, you know, Mr. Legg, the coal merchant, who had four daughters here with the smallest heads and the largest appetites it is possible to conceive, had the wickedness and dishonesty to go bankrupt, and we never got a penny for two quarters' schooling for the whole four."

"Rent and taxes are heavy; risks are numerous; parents are, as you remark with pardonable severity, stingy; provisions are dear"—thus went on, discreetly pondering aloud, Mr. Drax, and the fifty guineas are to be made by half-yearly payments, in advance. "Well, dear ladies, I think, if I were you, that I should take the little girl."

"So young a child can't eat much," mused Miss Adelaide.

"She won't want any accomplishments yet a while, and when she does we must ask higher terms."

"And her papa is evidently a gentleman," Miss Barbara added.

"To say nothing of the man-servant with the diamond ring," interposed Adelaide, somewhat maliciously.

"With one so young," wound up Mrs. Bunnycastle, with soft didacticism, "on a mind so tender and so plastic, who shall say what durable and valuable impressions may not be made? How many children are treated with harshness and want of consideration; how many have been set down as dunces and idlers, because their natures have not been understood; because their capacities have not been discriminatingly ascertained; because their susceptibilities have not been worked upon; because the responsive chords in their characters have not been touched by the judicious fingers of kindness and sympathy—?"

"There, ma, that will do," Miss Adelaide broke in, with a shake of sadness in her voice, "we're talking business, and don't want any extracts from the prospectus at supper-time. The principal stumbling-block to me, dear doctor, is in the absence of references. We are, you know, so very exclusive."

Exclusiveness at Rhododendron House meant this—and it has pretty nearly the same signification at five hundred boarding-schools—the Bunnycastles had a decided objection to taking any pupils, unless they were perfectly certain of punctuality in the receipt of quarterly payments from their relatives or friends.

"Admitting that the want of satisfactory references is a serious impediment," remarked Mr. Drax, with his discreetest smile, "is it an insuperable one? The appearance of the young lady's papa is, you say, that of a gentleman. He keeps a man-servant, which looks highly genteel. He offers to pay the stipend agreed upon in advance, which, to my mind, is a guarantee of his bona fide intentions. The child is too young to have formed any vulgar connections. Yes, dear ladies, I think I should take her. There may be a hundred good and sufficient reasons for her parents desiring to preserve comparative secrecy as to her real name."

"It may have been a love-match," suggested Adelaide.

"Or a scion of nobility," added Celia.

"Or one against whom dire machinations have been formed," said Barbara.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunnycastle, with an energy unusual to one of her soft and sentimental nature. "When you've kept a school as long as I have, girls, you'll know that there are, as the doctor says, hundreds of reasons for putting a little bit of a child away, and leaving her under proper care till she's grown up. I think we're all agreed. The little one is to be taken?"

"Certainly," chorused the three maidens.

"You could not have arrived at a more sagacious decision," acquiesced Mr. Drax.

"But the most embarrassing thing of all is," Miss Adelaide resumed, "that she is to be brought here this very night. We expect her papa every minute. The gentleman with the diamond ring—the man-servant, I mean—said they might be as late as half past ten. Only fancy a visit at so late an hour, and from a stranger too, at Rhododendron House. Such a thing has never happened to us since we first came here."

"Nor is it likely, I should hope, to happen again," Drax interposed, with another sitting bow.

"And it was principally for that reason, doctor," pursued Miss Adelaide, "that we asked you to come. We wished, in case you advised us to take this little thing, to have you here as a kind of witness, as it were, when her papa brought her."

"Perhaps her papa will object," remarked Barbara.

"To what? To something he can't see any more than the man in the moon can?" retorted her sister, snappishly. "Nothing would be likelier than his objection to a stranger being present if his object is to secure secrecy; but, at the same time, nothing is easier than to avoid the slightest unpleasantness."

"Of course, of course," said the discreet apothecary. "I apprehend your meaning in a moment, my dear young lady. You wish me to be a witness, but an invisible one. You must receive the visitors in the front drawing-room. If you will kindly have the lamp lit there, and leave me here in darkness" (and he might have added, "in discretion"), "with one of the folding-doors the slightest degree in the world on the jar, I shall be an auditor to all that passes, and you may depend on my adroitness to see as well as hear."

Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle clapped her hands in grave applause at the apothecary's suggestion. Celia regarded him with eyes of favor. Barbara smiled upon him; and old Mrs. Bunnycastle was just on the point of asking him if he would take just one little drop more of spirits-and-water (although I am certain that Drax, in his discretion, would have refused), when the gate-bell was rung, and, a moment afterward, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard crunching the gravel-walk before Rhododendron House. The ladies hurried into the drawing-room. A solemn lamp with a green shade round it was hastily illumined; and presently Pepper announced that two gentlemen, with a little child with them, requested an interview with Mrs. and the Misses Bunnycastle.

CHAPTER VI.

LILY SITS UP LATE.

FRANCIS BLUNT, ESQ., sometimes called Frank, but now familiarly known as Griffin, entered the scholastic presence with the assured step of one who felt himself among those ready to do him homage. He was still exquisitely polite—indeed, courting was second nature to him; but his politeness was the condescension of a sovereign among his subjects—of the Marquis de Carabas among his vassals and his villeins. He did not cry "*Chapeau bas;*" but his look commanded more irresistibly than the most peremptory tone of his voice would have done.

Mr. Blunt had thrown over his attire of the afternoon a long ample cloak of circular cut, deeply faced with velvet, and made of the finest broadcloth. It was called a "Spanish" cloak; and in Spanish I am afraid the eminent Mr. Nugee, the tailor who had made it, was paid. Blunt had long since passed into that state of indebtedness when a man gets credit solely on the strength of his already owing so much.

In this Spanish mantle there was no denying that he had the aspect of a mysterious stranger. Some of his jewels were artfully permitted to peep from among the folds of the cloak, and glittered out of the dark shadows. His hair, whiskers, and teeth were more fascinating than ever.

Close upon the dandy's heels, and carrying a slight childish form wrapped up in a cloak, was Mr. Blunt's friend. Yes; he was his friend—his guide and philosopher too, although to the world the relation in which he stood to the man of fashion was not more exalted than that of a valet de chambre. Mr. Blunt's friend was hero and valet in one, and looked each character equally well.

In his way he was as exquisitely dressed as his master. It is difficult to make any thing remarkable out of a full suit of glossy black. You must needs look, in general, either like a waiter, or a doctor, or a schoolmaster, or an undertaker. The friend and valet of Francis Blunt, Esq., did not approach any one of the above-mentioned types of humanity. Mr. Nugee made the coats of the man as well as of the master. The valet's coat was perfection. It wasn't a body-coat, and it wasn't a swallow-tail—nay, nor a frock, nor a surtout, nor a spencer, nor a shooting-jacket. It was a coat with which no one could quarrel. It had the slightest clerical appearance, just tinged with a shade of the sporting cut. It was as a Cambridge Don strolling on Newmarket Heath. And then it subsided into the plain, unadorned, but exquisitely neat coat of the English gentleman. It was eminently a Conservative, a Chandos clause, a Test and Corporation, a "No-Surrender" coat. Mr. Nugee would have scorned to make such a coat for a Whig. For a Radical he would naturally have declined to confect coats at all.

There is little need to say any thing of the supplementary garments worn by Mr. Blunt's friend. That incomparable coat disarmed all ulterior criticism, and would have compensated for any shortcomings in the remainder of the attire. Such shortcomings, however, were non-existent. Every thing came up to a high standard of excellence. A delicate appreciation of art was shown in the thin brown gaiter, with pearl buttons, that showed itself between the termination of the pantaloon and the foot of the varnished boot. A refined spirit of propriety was manifest in the narrow shirt-collar, and the quietly-folded scarf of black ribbed silk, fastened with a subdued cameo representing the people of a Roman emperor. Even that diamond ring to which Miss Bunnycastle had called attention, large and evidently valuable as it was, had nothing about it on which the imputation of obtrusiveness or vainglory could be fixed. It was worn on the little finger of the left hand, and rarely brought into play.

It is time to say a few words about the individual for whom a skillful tailor and his own delicacy of taste had done so much. Nature had been partially kind, but, with her usual caprice, here and there hostile to the individual. He was of the middle size, and clean-limbed, but all the powers of the coat were needed—and they nearly, but not entirely, succeeded in disguising the fact that he was so round-shouldered as to be almost humpbacked. Without the coat he would have been Quasimodo; with it he was only a gentleman who, unfortunately, stooped a good deal. His head was large, but the collar of that invaluable coat was so cut as to make his neck sit well on his torso. His hair was of the deepest raven black—blue in the reflections, indeed—and, had it had its own way, would have grown in wildly-tufted luxuriance. Its possessor, however, had no wish to emulate the appearance of Clodion le Chevelu. From nape to temples his locks had been shorn to inexorable shortness; yet, close as the scissors had gone, you could tell at a glance that a forest had been there.

In the whole attitude of the man there was repose, concealed strength, abnegation of outward show. Had he given his eyes and lips full play, the expression of his countenance would have been terrible. But with rare self-denial he kept his eyelids habitually drawn down, and veiled his great flashing, devouring orbs with the yellow circle round each pupil. In the same spirit of abstention from show, his lips, naturally full and pulpy, were under inflexible management, and were kept firmly set together. Not half the world knew what large, regular white teeth he had. He sometimes smiled, but he never bit, in public. There was one concealment he could not or had not cared to make. The very large, bushy black eyebrows were untampered with, and notwithstanding the labored amenity of his physiognomy, gave him a somewhat forbidding look. Add to this that his complexion was dark, but so far removed from sanguineous hues as to be well-nigh sallow, and that on each cheek he wore a short, closely-cropped, triangular whisker strongly resembling a mutton cutlet in hue, and you have this individual's carte de visite complete. Pardon my mentioning photography so many years before its development from the first crude experiments of Niepce and Daguerre; but it is my habit to write retrospectively.

This individual was Monsieur Constant, valet de chambre and confidential factotum to Francis Blunt, Esq. He knew all that his master did; and there were a great many things within his, the servant's ken, of which the master had not the slightest idea. Monsieur Constant said that he was five-and-thirty years of age, bien sonnée, which means that he might have been between five-and-thirty and forty; and there was no reason for disbelieving his statement. Monsieur Constant came from Switzerland—from one of the cantons bordering upon Italy, I should opine, to judge from his swarthy complexion. I believe his Christian name was Jean Baptiste. Of his foreign antecedents he was reticent. His English ones could be known to all who were at the pains to inquire. They were enrolled in a long catalogue of distinguished service with the British aristocracy. His character, or rather his characters, were stainless. He had been courier to a Duchess. He had valeted the Duke of Pampotter, and attended on his son and heir, the young Marquis of Truffleton, at Oxford, and throughout the grand tour. He had been for a short time groom of the chambers to Lord Buffborough, when that nobleman was embassador at Paris. Griffin Blunt had won him from the diplomatic service, and although he lost promotion, if not caste, by the change, the valet clung with strange tenacity to his new master, in whose service he had now been three years. Master and man alike suited each other. Each, perchance, had his own game to play, and played it with tranquil skill. Mr. Blunt declared that his man Constant was unrivaled. "None of your five-act comedy valets," he would say; "none of your Mascarilles—your flippant, impertinent, dishonest jackanapes, but a steady-going, responsible fellow, who knows his business, and goes about it without boring you. I wouldn't lose him to know the winner for the next Oaks. He's a proud fellow enough. Sells my old clothes to a Jew, and has his own coats made by my tailor. Never dresses beyond his station, however. He does me credit; and, egad, I fancy he shares in it, though I dare say he's got much more money than I have." I fancy Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant had.

He spoke English fluently and idiomatically, as it is the custom of his countrymen to do. His foreign accent was apparent, but it was not grotesque. He did not call people "his little cabbage," nor say that he "mocked himself of them," nor translate as an expletive Ventre Saint Gris into "Stomach Saint Grey." I fancy that foreigners speaking English are not so accustomed to render literally their native locutions, and that to ascribe such a habit to them is an agreeable myth invented by English writers who can not speak French, and have contracted an imaginative way of making Frenchmen talk English.

As for the third person in this group, poor little Lily, the child was placidly slumbering in the folds of the great warm shawl. She had cried herself to sleep in the hackney-coach, and her waking, when the vehicle stopped at Rhododendron House, was but for a moment. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant laid her gently down in the state arm-chair, with its elaborately worked anti-macassar, slightly to the horror of Mrs. Celia Bunnycastle, who had never seen a new pupil permitted to occupy that imposing throne of maroon-colored morocco, and then stood respectfully in the back-ground, a demure smile mantling on her dark face. Adelaide Bunnycastle admitted in the inmost recesses of her heart that the scene was eminently romantic. It was like Lara; it was like the Corsair; it was like Thaddeus of Warsaw.

Meanwhile the dandy had allowed his mantle to drop gently from his shoulders, and accepted with his gracefulest bow the seat offered him by Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had reserved the moreen morocco fauteuil for his reception, but had, in stress of upholstery, been fain to fall back on a high-backed chair of walnut wood. He was overwhelming in compliments and apologies for intruding on the ladies at so unseemly an hour; pleaded stress of business and an imminent departure for foreign parts, and having said something flattering all round to the Miss Bunnycastles, and thus fulfilled all the ornamental requirements of the occasion, turned, as was indeed his wont, to Monsieur Constant to supply what was needed in the way of utility.

"Ah! he's been abroad, has he?" mused Mr. Drax to himself, in the dark. "The man-servant's a foreigner too. Let's have another look at him." And in his anxiety to obtain a better view, Mr. Drax, slightly derogating from his reputation for discretion, opened one of the doors yet a little and a little more, till it creaked.

The dandy started. "What the devil is that noise?" he asked with an abruptness not precisely in unison with the tone of mellifluous suavity he had adopted a moment before.

Mrs. Bunnycastle had no time to be shocked at the irreverence of the stranger's query. She was too much flurried by the creaking of the door, and in a nervous murmur laid the blame of the occurrence on the cat. The dandy seemed perfectly satisfied when the grave, respectful voice of Monsieur Constant gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

He had politely declined the seat offered him by the youngest Miss Bunnycastle, and remained standing; but now advanced a couple of paces. "Monsieur, whom I have the honor to serve," he said, "has brought the little girl of whom mention has already been made. Monsieur is ready to pay the sum agreed upon, fifty guineas, for one year's board and education, and only requires a little paper of receipt undertaking that no further demand shall be made upon him until a year is past."

"We don't even know the gentleman's name if we made such a demand," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with a grim smile. "But the young lady must be called by some name or other."

"Certainly, certainly," broke in the dandy. "Call her Floris. I'm Mr. Floris; the rose by any other name, you know, and what's in a name?"

"Floris; a very pretty name indeed," said Miss Barbara, writing it down on a sheet of paper. "And her Christian name? Will you oblige us with that as well, Sir?"

The dandy looked uneasily at his valet. I declare I think he had forgotten his daughter's name.

"Lily," said Monsieur Constant, thus appealed to.

As he spoke, the child woke up from her sleep, and thinking herself called, answered with a sob that she was "vay tyde." Poor little thing, she was tired enough in all conscience!

The sound of her voice was a signal to the two younger Miss Bunnycastles to hasten to the arm-chair, to unroll the little one from her shawl, to kiss her, and smooth her hair, and fondle her, and go through the remainder of the etiquette invariably observed at Rhododendron House at the reception of a new pupil of tender age. Not that the Miss Bunnycastles were either hypocritical or ill-natured. They were naturally very fond of children, but they saw so many and so much of them.

Miss Barbara continued to write. "Lily Floris," she repeated: "I have no doubt of her being an ornament to our school," she said, "and I am sure she'll be happy."

"If she understand most unremitting, the most watchful supervision, the kindest treatment and the most liberal diet can conduce to her physical or spiritual welfare, said Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had got the prospectus stop on, I can vouch for this establishment offering every guarantee for the happiness of those confided to my care. I think you said, Sir, that you declined giving a reference."

"Monsieur does not decline," respectfully interposed Monsieur Constant; "but he holds it to be unnecessary, and in three months, if not oftener, either Monsieur or myself, having the honor to serve him, will call to see how the child is progressing, and what she requires. She is to be Miss Lily Floris until further orders, and there are to be no extras and no vacations. I have now fifty-two pounds ten shillings in a bag, which I will hand to you if you will favor me with the receipt."

The required paper was duly made out, and signed by Mrs. Bunnycastle; and Monsieur Constant, advancing to the table, respectfully placed a little wash-leather bag, containing the sum he mentioned, in the hands of the schoolmistress. Nothing loth, Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to count it; and even the eyes of her two eldest daughters twinkled as the sovereigns gave out their faint "chink, chink," surely the pleasantest sound that can ever be heard by mortal ears, save and except only the voice of the dear one who murmurs "I love you," and the cry of your first child. Barbara Bunnycastle was insensible to the gold's seductive sound. Her eyes wandered from the dandy to his valet, and her soul was filled with wonder and admiration for both. It was like the Cottagers of Glenburnie; it was like the Children of the Abbey. It grew more and more romantic every moment.

Till the dandy, who had been toying with his rings, and flicking specks of dust from his boots, and subjecting his nails to such close ocular inspection that you might have fancied his eyes were Stanhope lenses, rose with an expression very much akin to relief in his countenance, to go. He was assured, he said, that the little one would receive every care and kindness at the hands of the ladies of Rhododendron House, and he left her in their charge with every trust and confidence. He was proceeding to make the entire company one of the most systematical of bows, and to have the honor of wishing them all a very good evening, when Mrs. Bunnycastle deferentially stopped him.

"There is only one little thing more," she said, rather hesitatingly; "has—a—has your—has the gentleman—(she indicated Monsieur Constant) brought the young lady's boxes?"

"What boxes?" asked the dandy, with a polite stare.

"Her clothes, her linen," explained all the Bunnycastle family with one voice.

Francis Blunt, Esq., looked at them generally in blank discomposure. He turned to Monsieur Constant, but that retainer shrugged his shoulders as though it were beyond his province or his power to interfere.

"Confound it," cried the dandy, "it's very vexatious; but the fact is, we've forgotten the clothes."

"A nice affectionate father," murmured Mr. Drax, in the dark. "Poor little lamb, to have fallen among these wolves!"

The dilemma was perplexing, but not irremediable. Monsieur Constant explained that Monsieur, whom he had the honor to serve, had left Mademoiselle's petit trousseau at his hotel in London. Would ces dames undertake to procure clothes for the child if a sum were left in advance sufficient for what she might probably require? Mrs. Bunnycastle bowed her head in gracious approval of this proposal. What sum would be requisite? Oh! merely a few pounds, the valet whispered his master. The latter, looking any thing but pleased, but still too well-bred to give vent to his wrath, seemingly acquiesced in what his companion suggested, and from a purse elegantly embroidered with beads and gold thread took out a couple of crisp five-pound notes which he handed to Mrs. Bunnycastle. Again he rose, suppressing a slight yawn, and saying that it was past eleven o'clock, and that he had detained the ladies an unconscionably long time, prepared to take his leave.

All the women's garments rustled too—for they had dressed themselves in silk attire, in expectation of his visit—as he made his reverence of farewell. Mrs. Bunnycastle was profuse in her thanks and protestations of solicitude for Lily's welfare. The young ladies chimed in harmoniously.

"She is to be brought up in the principles of the Church of England?"

"Of course—of course. By all means—eh, Constant?"

Monsieur Constant bowed diplomatically, as though to convey that, professing as he might himself a different creed, he had the profoundest respect for the Church of England, as that of the ladies before him, of Monsieur whom he had the honor to serve, and of the genteel classes generally.

"As her little mind expands," said Mrs. Bunnycastle, "no efforts of ours shall be spared, not only to instill into her the piety and virtue, but to lay the foundation of clever, ornate accomplishments—"

"Thank you, thank you," Mr. Blunt returned, rather hastily, and, cutting short a further installment of the paraphrased prospectus, "when she's old enough, of course she'll learn French and drawing, and that sort of thing."

"And dancing," suggested the valet, in a low, deeply respectful voice.

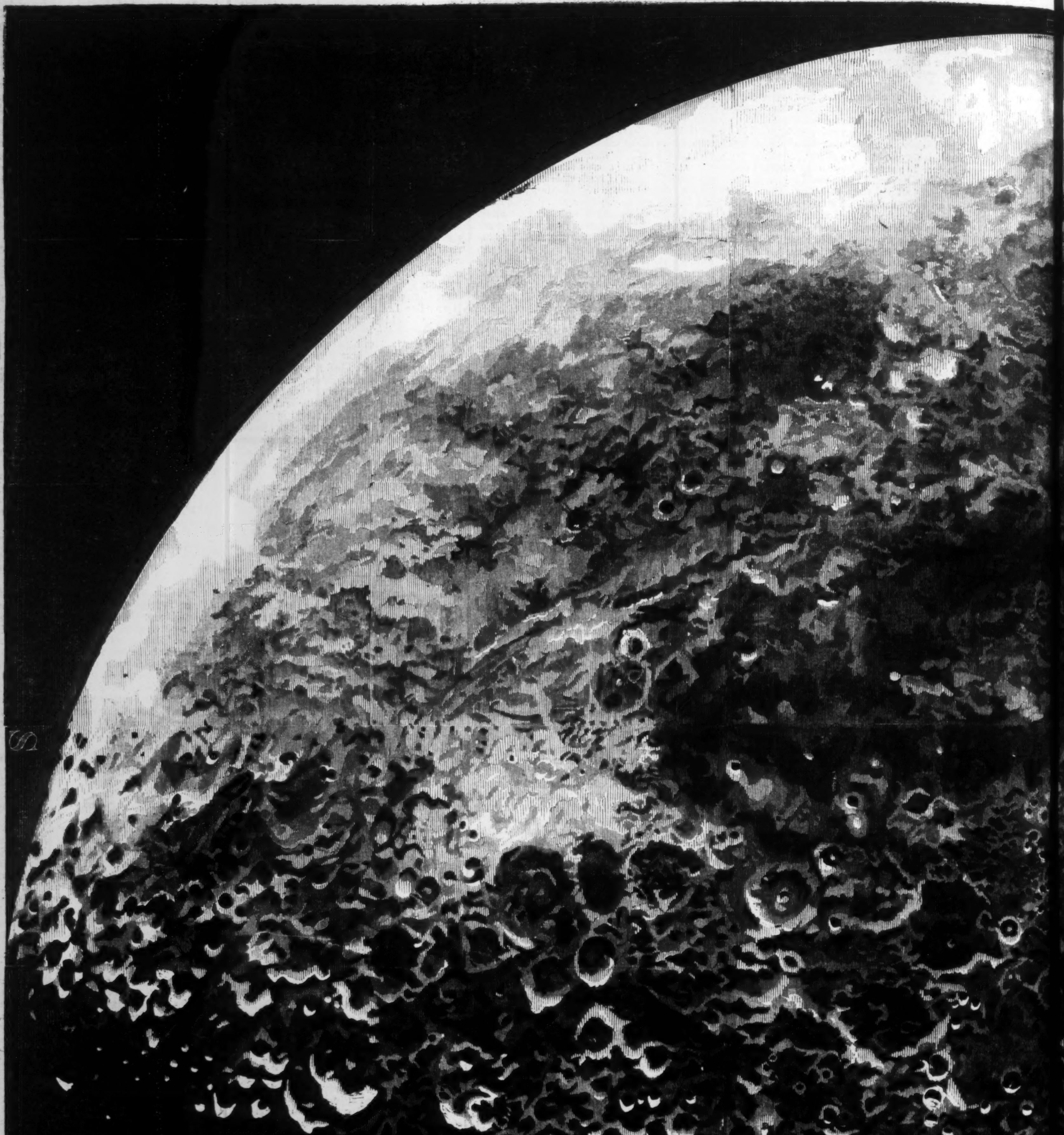
The dandy started as though a wasp had stung him. When he spoke again there was a strange, dry harshness in his voice. "Madam," he said, turning to the schoolmistress with a sternness unwonted in so urbane a gentleman, "I do *not* want my daughter to learn to dance. Mind that, if you please. No dancing for Miss Lily Floris. I have the honor to wish you a very good-night."

He was going. He was on the threshold when Monsieur Constant whispered to him:

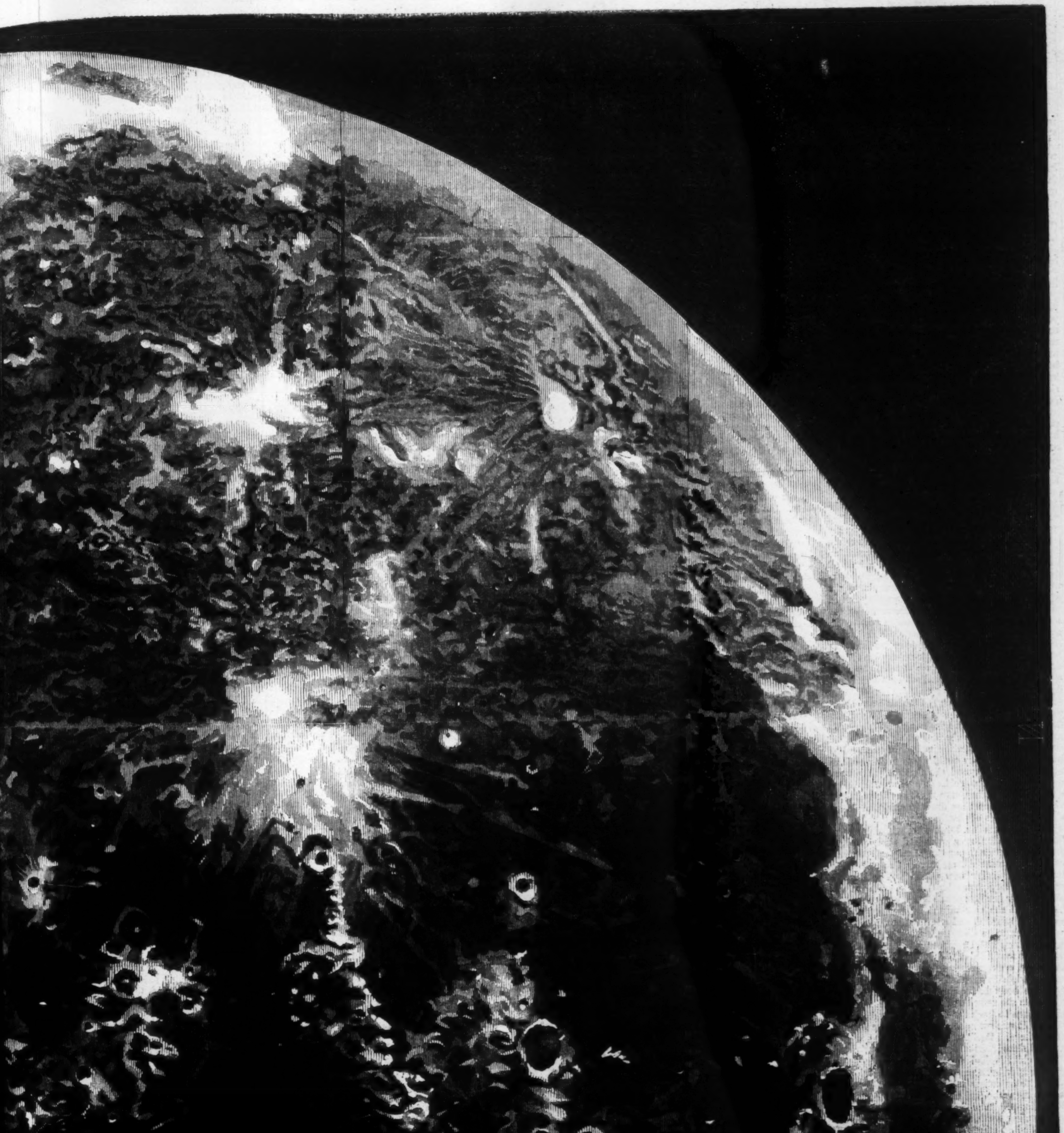
"Monsieur has forgotten to bid adieu to la petite."

The dandy looked disconcerted. I declare he was departing without taking any more notice of Lily than if she had been a dog. He soon recovered himself, however, made a minuet de la cour step toward the moreen morocco fauteuil, and with his usual charming grace imprinted a kiss upon Lily's brow. The little one did not heed him. She had fallen asleep again. He turned, bowed, and touched the tips of all the ladies' fingers in succession. He was unrivaled in the art of touching your hand without shaking it. The women's garments rustled again

[*Continued on Page* 186.]



FAC-SIMILE OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON, TAKEN BY DR. HENRY DRAPER'S TELESCOPE.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



[*Continued from Page* 183.]

as they bent in eddying courtesies. Monsieur Constant bestowed a bow on the company, reverential but not servile, as became his degree, and Pepper ushered the two to the door, and they went away.

"La petite n'est pas mal," Mr. Blunt vouchsafed to remark, as the valet held the coach door open for him.

Constant knew very well that by la petite his master did not mean his little daughter. He slightly inclined his head.

"The one they called Barbara—what a Gothic name," pursued Blunt, "why not call her Brunehilde at once. But she is passable. She has a fatigued air and long curls. C'est une femme qui rêve, et qui se tourmente. Does the coachman know where to drive, Constant?"

"Back to town. He has received his instructions. He never had so good a job in his life. Shall I give monsieur his cigar-case?"

"If you please," the dandy said. The valet handed it to him with a bow.

"Put down the glass," Mr. Blunt continued, in the polite peremptory tone.

The valet did as he was bidden. He sat with his back to the horses. His voice never rose beyond the bated breath of a dependent. He never took a liberty, Monsieur Constant. Between master and man there was not the slightest familiarity, but there was a good deal of mutual intelligence. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant knew all that his master did, and was aware besides of a good many things to which that refined gentleman was an entire stranger.

So they drove away, the dandy yawning and stretching himself, and saying how tired and hungry he was, and what a bore it was to have any thing to do with children, and how glad he should be to get to bed. But Mr. Francis Blunt had much more work to go through that night before he retired to rest.

The first thing the Bunnycastles did when the sound of the hackney-coach wheels had died away was to bear the lamp and the money they had just received into the back parlor and rejoin the discreet Mr. Drax. Then they proceeded to count the fifty-two sovereigns and a half all over again. Then they examined the crisp bank-notes from the medallion of Britannia to the signature of Mr. Henry Hase. Then they turned to the backs of those documents, scanning the much blotted dorsal scribblings—the worst pens, the worst ink, and the worst pothooks and hangers in the world always seemed called into play for the indorsement of bank-notes—and wondered whether "Blogg," who dated from Isleworth, or "Cutchins & Co.," who gave their address in Leather Lane, or "C. J. Gumby," who seemingly resided at Bow, could have any thing to do with the mysterious strangers who had just faded away from their ken, leaving a little child, not four years old, a checked woolen shawl, and sixty pounds odd, sterling money of this realm, behind them. They could make nothing of the notes, however, beyond the fact that they were genuine, or of the gold, save that it chinked cheerily, or of either, save that the money looked very nice. Then they drew breath, and interchanged glances of pleasing perplexity.

I think it was Mr. Drax who, with his never-failing discretion, now suggested that it might perhaps be better to put the "new pupil" to bed, as she had come a long way and must be very tired. Poor little "new pupil!" The Bunnycastles had forgotten all about her. The tangible lucre for her first year's board and education had caused the tiny mortal of humanity, who was to be boarded and educated, to fade away into the extreme distance. They were on too familiar terms with Drax to manifest much shame when thus reminded of their forgetfulness. They never put on company airs before the apothecary. Adelaide acknowledged with a smile that the little body had quite slipped her memory, and while she rang the bell for Pepper, requested Barbara to fetch the child from the drawing-room. It was summer weather, and not so very chilly there. Besides, had she not the warm checked shawl?

The child looked up when she was brought into the cozy back parlor, but did not cry. She seemed to be rather relieved by the absence of the two men who had brought her to Rhododendron House. The dandy's resplendent attire and dazzling teeth, and the valet's coat, cameo, and smile had alike failed in producing a favorable effect on her. On the other hand, while she submitted to be patted on the head by Mrs. Bunnycastle, and severely smiled at by the three young ladies, she took very kindly to Mr. Drax, and coming toddling toward him essayed to climb upon his knees, stretching forward one of her plump little hands as though she desired to touch his discreet and mystic neckcloth.

"Ah!" smiled Mr. Drax, as he lifted her up and imprinted a discreet kiss on her forehead, just at the roots of her hair. "She won't be so very fond of me when she takes half the nasty things I shall be obliged to give her. Poor little thing! I wonder whether she's had the measles."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded her in fond anticipation, as though mildly gloating over a subject who was to conduce to the enlargement of his professional experience, and in the increase of his quarterly bills. Drax became for the moment a Rosicrucian. Even as the Sylphs, in the Rape of the Lock, hovered round Belinda at her toilet, so did the little baby girl to the discreetly expectant Drax seem encompassed by a multitude of gnomic forms, menacing to childhood, but conquerable by pills and potions, rhubarb and magnesia, sirup of squills, and compound extract of paregoric.

His reverie was put an end to by the arrival of Pepper, who, like a good-natured woman as she was, had stroked Lily's brown curls, kissed her on both cheeks, chucked her under the chin, hoisted her up in her arms, told her half a merry story about a little girl who was always ready to go to bed, and was, in consequence, much beloved by the angels, all, so it appeared, in a moment. The Bunnycastles were not great in striking out these impromptu acquaintances with small children. They saw too much of the big ones.

"This is Miss Floris, Miss Lily Floris, Pepper," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with calm dignity. "Her papa, who is going abroad, was obliged to bring her very late. We must bestow her as best we can to-night. What beds are there vacant, Pepper?"

"There's number two, in the first room, mum," answered the domestic.

"Among the elder girls," interposed Adelaide; "that would never do. They never go to sleep until daybreak, I do believe, and they'd question her out of her life before breakfast-time. And Mamselle, though it's her duty not to allow them to talk, is just as bad as they are."

"There's five and nine in the second room; but there's no mattress on five, and as for nine, you know, mum—"

"Well, what do we know?" asked Miss Celia, sharply.

"It's the bed Miss Kitty died in," Pepper returned, with an effort.

There was a prejudice in Rhododendron House against sleeping in the bed that Kitty had died in.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bunnycastle, giving vent to her favorite ejaculation, when she wasn't sentimentally didactic. "What can it matter? what does she know about? Do you suppose Kitty Wayvell's ghost walks the second room?"

"Well, ma," pleaded Miss Barbara, "if she wasn't frightened, the girls would be sure to terrify her with bogey stories. She'd better not go there. At least not yet a while. Are there any beds vacant in the third, the junior's room, Pepper?"

"Not one, miss, some of the young ladies are sleeping two in a bed."

"Well, where *are* we to put her?" Adelaide asked, impatiently. "We can't keep the child up all night."

Lily looked remarkably wide awake, and as though she intended to remain so. She was playing with the ribbons in Pepper's cap, and apparently would not have had the slightest objection to the continuance of that amusement until cock-crow. As for Mr. Drax, his discretion stood him in good stead during this essentially domestic conversation, and he feigned to be immersed in the perusal of a volume of the *Missionary Magazine* for 1829.

"Well, if you please, mum," Pepper ventured to represent, "I think that as the dear little gurl's so young, and so tired, and so strange, that I'd better take her to bed with me, mum, and then, to-morrow, you know, mum, you can see about it."

The ladies were graciously pleased to accept this suggestion, and it was agreed to nem. con. And then—it being now fully half after eleven o'clock—Lily and her new guardian disappeared, and the discreet Mr. Drax, vowing that he was quite ashamed of himself for staying so late, took his leave, promising to call in on the morrow afternoon, in case his advice should be needed.

"A very nice girl is Barbara Bunnycastle," said Mr. Drax, softly to himself, as he walked home to College Street. "A very nice girl, and one who would make any man's home happy."

It is not my purpose to inquire what Mrs. Bunnycastle and her second daughter Celia dreamed of that night, although probably the visions of both were engrossed by the mysterious strangers; but if I have any clairvoyant privilege, I am entitled to use it for the revelation that both Adelaide and Barbara dreamed of Mr. Drax.

DR. HENRY DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

SINCE the invention of the telescope, in the seventeenth century, many attempts have been made to delineate the moon's surface, but the best maps thus produced have only shown the position of the various parts, and have not given any idea of how the moon really looked. In the very infancy of photography, however, it was perceived that that art would give the means of procuring exact representations of our satellite; and in 1840 Professor J. W. DRAPER produced pictures, one inch in diameter, which he presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and which showed what might be expected. A great many scientific men have worked at the same subject since, but owing to the enormous telescopes required, and the great expense necessary, but few have prosecuted it to any advantage. The value of photographs arises from their perfect truthfulness, and from the fact that, by comparing together those made at various dates, any changes the moon can be observed.

The telescope which Dr. HENRY DRAPER (Professor of Natural Science in the University of New York) has used is the largest reflecting instrument in America, and has been built by him especially for photographing the moon and heavenly bodies. It has taken nearly six years to construct it, and has involved a very heavy outlay, although the more delicate parts—as the silvered glass mirrors—have been made with his own hands. An Observatory at Hastings, near New York, 20 feet square and 22 feet high, is required to hold it, besides other buildings for photographic apparatus and machinery. The telescope, which is 16 inches in aperture and 13 feet long, has been mounted on an entirely new kind of stand; the revolving roof is turned around by a new method; indeed the observatory is full of novelties. A full description of it, copiously illustrated, is being published by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The photographs of the moon that he has made during 1863 have greatly surpassed any that have been made before, some of even three feet in diameter, which show the moon on a scale of 60 miles to the inch having been produced. The wood-cut on the adjoining page is a fac-simile of one which represents that luminary on a scale of 100 miles to the inch. The highest talent and skill have been required, both in the draughtsmen and engravers, to procure a faithful resemblance on the wood, and several weeks have been consumed in the operation.

The moon has always been an object of superstitious reverence to the uneducated. The Jews made their holidays accord with her phases, and the Gentiles named a day of the week after her. The Mohammedans chose the crescent as their symbol, and it is to be regretted that our Revolutionary Fathers did not do the same, considering its eminent appropriateness to a young and growing country. It would have strengthened the hearts of those who fear that our present eclipse may be permanent, and have shown them that, sooner or later, a very dark shadow was destined to cross our path.

Many people suppose that the moon exercises a direct control over human beings—an opinion shared in by the gallant knight Hudibras:

> "The Queen of Night, whose vast command
> Rules all the sea and half the land;
> And over moist and crazy brains
> In high spring-tides at midnight reigns."

And this belief was carried to such an extent that, in King Edward's reign, if a man would swear that when he signed a paper he was moon-struck, he was *ipso facto* released from his bond. What a convenience such a law would be to some India-rubber consciences now! Other writers of the period had the same ideas. Trinculo thinks that Caliban is a moon-calf—that is, a brute spawned by the moonlight on the scum of the sea—because he has an "ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest." So, too, Neocles of Crotona believes that Argive Helen, the cause of the Trojan war, was born from an egg that fell from the moon, and hence her extraordinary fairness. And Werenfels, speaking of a superstitious man—"He will not commit his seed to the earth when the soil but when the moon requires it. He will have his hair cut when the moon is either in Leo, that his locks may stare like the lion's shag, or in Aries, that they may curl like a ram's horn. Whatever he would have to grow he sets about it when she is in her increase; but for what he would have made less he chooses her wane. When the moon is in Taurus he never can be persuaded to take physic, lest that animal which chews its cud should make him cast it up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted to the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful."

If such was the opinion of lawyers and literary men, doctors were no better. The Honorable Robert Boyle (who poor Tom Hood says wrote "Boil on Steam") relates how "an ingenious physician, who practiced in Java, assured me that he observed some persons become lame by means of contractions caused by the moon's rays, and so continue for many weeks or months together. He also experienced it upon himself; for happening, while he was a stranger in that country, to sleep after a very hot day for a considerable time on the ground that lay fully exposed to the moon, upon waking he found his neck exceeding stiff, and his mouth drawn awry in a hideous manner, which obliged him to keep within doors till by the use of brisk aromatic medicines he freed himself from that disorder." The philosophers thought that meat set in the moonshine produced maggots.

We may smile at these old misconceptions, but there are modern ones just as gross. Many think that the moon appears as large as a cart-wheel, while almost all will agree that it is certainly "as big as a plate." One is about as far from the truth as the other, the real size to the naked eye being about that of a pepper-corn. The only astronomical observation made by the national Scottish poet Burns, as recorded in his "Death and Doctor Hornbook," may suggest to the public a modest and *sober* diffidence in expressing their opinion on such matters:

> "The rising moon began to glow'r,
> The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
> To count her horns with a' my pow'r
> I set mysel;
> But whether she had three or four
> I couldna tell."

If a pea is held up at the nearest distance of distinct vision (ten inches), between the eye and the full moon, it will be found that the moon's disk will be covered entirely by it. By the same means the delusion respecting its larger size when rising than when overhead is dispelled. The reason given by Alhazen, the Mohammedan astronomer, for this latter deception, was that it arises from comparison with intervening objects; but this seems at best unsatisfactory, for it looks equally large at sea. The actual diameter of the moon is 2160 miles, and her weight $\frac{1}{80}$ that of the earth.

Things weigh a good deal less upon the moon than they do upon the earth. A six-pound weight carried there would only be equal to one pound. Amateur astronomers have amused themselves with calculating the effect of this decreased force of gravity, and find that a man might jump 30 feet high, and not come down harder than he does from an ordinary jump on the earth. The distance of the moon from us, 240,000 miles, may seem to be very great, but is not so in reality. Mr. BAINES, in his history of the cotton manufacture, says that, even in 1833, the woven fabrics of that substance exported from England in one year would form a girdle for the earth passing eleven times round the equator, and therefore more than sufficient to form a continuous sheet from the earth to the moon—a fact that will interest those who may inquire whether the distance will ever be bridged.

An examination of the fac-simile of the lunar photograph (pages 184 and 185) shows the well-known bright and dark parts seen by the eye; but many more things too are visible. The surface is diversified with elevations and depressions, which are more and more apparent as the eye traverses from the rounded to the straight side, where the ruggedness is very marked. Some of our readers may inquire why it is that half only of the moon is shown, and not the whole disk. This is made apparent by considering what would happen if an individual were taken up to a considerable height above a mountain on the earth. If the sun were shining perpendicularly down on it, he would not be able to distinguish the mountain from the ground around; but if the sunlight fell sideways, so as to cast a shadow, it would be visible enough. So it is in the moon. The sunlight is falling upon it from a point away to the left hand in this picture, and consequently the elevations and craters cast shadows which enable us to see them, while in the full moon, which is just as easily photographed, the light falls straight down, and the mountains become indistinguishable from the rest of the surface. This was the case on the left side of the moon when this photograph was taken. But besides the variety of tints arising from shadows, there are variations belonging to the different reflecting power of the rocks of which the moon is made. The broad places called seas—which do not, however, contain any water—are of a darker substance than many of the volcanoes; just as a clay district on the earth, seen from a distance, would be darker than one in which chalk predominated.

Coming now to a closer examination, let us see why it is that the ruggedness of the straight edge is attributed to volcanic craters—that is, cavities blown out of the ground. If it is borne in mind that the light which is coming to us from the moon is reflected from the sun, and that he is away to the left hand, it will be noticed that these places must be pits, because the bright side is from the sun, and the dark side toward him. A well on the earth will have a bright side toward the west, and a dark one toward the east, when the sun has just risen.

The reader will observe that these craters are circular, and of very large size. As one inch in the picture corresponds to 100 miles, several of them must have that enormous diameter, those 50 and 75 miles across being quite common. Very many of the craters, too, as Aristillus (37), have a central conical mountain—resembling, in that particular, Vesuvius, near Naples; but the craters on the moon, as a rule, are far larger than those on the earth. This, however, is no more than we should expect from the greater lightness of bodies there, less force being required to eject the lava. Besides, there is no atmospheric resistance, because there is no air.

There are more volcanoes in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. In the latter there has been obviously a more gentle action, and ranges of mountains, as the Apennines (26), have been produced, which are precipitous on the north, and gradually sloping on the south side. The great valleys—as the Mare Imbrium (D), and Oceanus Procellarum (C)—are in the northern hemisphere, and show of a duskier tint than the elevations. They must be of darker materials, for where the lava mountain Copernicus (28) has ejected his streams over them, the lava shows as bright lines running for hundreds of miles in all directions. But these volcanoes are now probably all extinct, though Herschel thought he saw one burning. Nevertheless we are not without evidence that there have been great changes in the moon since man appeared on the earth. In the reign of King Nekherophis—"Beloved of the Moon"—(the second son of Menes, who was the first king of united Egypt), "the Libyans revolted, but alarmed by an unexpected increase in the size of the moon, submitted."—(*Wilkinson.*) The record does not state with enough precision what the change was; though, from its attracting popular attention and giving a name to a king, it must have been something extraordinary. It would be well for Chinese scholars to examine the records of that ancient people to see if it was noticed there.

The appearance of the moon at various times, from the new to the full, is constantly changing. To the naked eye she exhibits phases, as they are called, gradually increasing from a crescent to a circle, and then decreasing again. But in the telescope these changes are still more striking. At new moon it is night on all the side of the moon turned toward us, but the sun gradually rises on it, peak after peak, and the mountain-tops in succession receiving his beams, until at the end of a fortnight the whole hemisphere is in broad daylight. Along the rugged edge in the wood-cut there are seen several instances where the sun is just rising on the tips of mountains and edges of craters, giving at the first glance the idea that there are isolated bright places altogether separated from the body.

The first question that every one asks on looking at the moon is, Is it inhabited? Apart from the well-ascertained evidence of the absence of air and water, and the lack of any signs of vegetation—conditions essential to the existence of any organized being that we know of—the horrible rigor of the climate and the desolate and inaccessible nature of the country forbid the supposition. Not the slightest trace of any work of human hands has ever been discovered, though telescopes like Dr. DRAPER's enable the observer to contemplate the moon at a distance of 200 miles, and should permit us to perceive a city easily.

But although it shows no signs of living beings, it has been made by astronomers a grave-yard of dead philosophers, consecrating the different mountains to different men, just as Egyptian kings had pyramids. The parceling out has not, however, been conducted with fairness, for some almost unknown have good places, while great men like Galileo are put off under the fence. Some, too, are there who have no business among scientific people, whom they abhorred and ill-treated to their utmost while alive. The reader may judge of the comparative merits of Cyril (41), who has a splendid tomb, and Hypatia (49), buried in a minor one close by. The story is extracted from "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe:"

> "Among the cultivators of Platonic philosophy whom the times had left, there was a beautiful young woman, Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, who not only distinguished herself by her expositions of the Neo-Platonic and Peripatetic doctrines, but was also honored by the ability with which she commented on the writings of Apollonius and other geometers. Every day before her door stood a long train of chariots; the lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. Her aristocratic audiences were more than a rival to those attending upon the preaching of the archbishop, and perhaps contemptuous comparisons were instituted between the philosophical lectures of Hypatia and the incomprehensible sermons of Cyril. It was not to be borne that a heathen sorceress should thus divide such a metropolis with a prelate; it was not to be borne that the rich and noble and young should be carried off by the black arts of a diabolical enchantress. Alexandria was too fair a prize to be lightly surrendered.......
>
> "Cyril at length determined to remove this great reproach, and overturn what now appeared to be the only obstacle in his way to uncontrolled authority in the city. As Hypatia comes forth to her academy she is assaulted by Cyril's mob—an Alexandrian mob of many monks. Amidst the fearful yelling of these bare-legged and black-cowled fiends she is dragged from her chariot, and, in the public street, stripped naked. In her mortal terror she is haled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice is killed by the club of Peter the Reader. With the blow given by Peter the aim of Cyril was reached, but his merciless adherents had not glutted their vengeance. They dismembered the corpse, and, incredible to be said, finished their infernal crime by scraping the flesh from the bones with oyster-shells, and casting the remnants into the fire! Though in his privacy Cyril and his friends might laugh at the end of his antagonist, his memory must bear the weight of the righteous indignation of posterity."

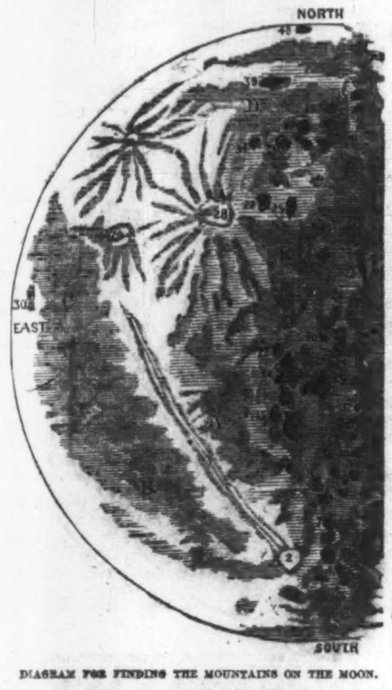


DIAGRAM FOR FINDING THE MOUNTAINS ON THE MOON.

As a sight-seeing traveler, guide-book in hand, examines the decaying tombs in Père la Chaise, when he does Paris, so we too will take a turn through this celestial church-yard, and examine some of the grave-stones, although hundreds must pass unnoticed. Our starting-point shall be Tycho (2), a great cavity, 55 miles across and 17,000 feet deep, with a high cone in the centre. This is dedicated to Tycho Brahe, the Dane, the builder of Uraniberg, one of the oldest observatories in Europe, which cost $200,000; one half of it he paid out of his own purse. He was not always so peaceful as he has been for the last 250 years, since it is related of him that he fought a duel with a nobleman, who cut off his nose. He, however, replaced it so skillfully with one made of colored wax that the loss was not perceived. He kept in his family a madman, whom every day at dinner he made a footstool of, in the belief that the remarks made in that position were prophetic. From the edge of Tycho there is a deep groove extending many hundred miles to the northeast.

Let us look to the south before we move. (1) away at the pole is named after Newton, and affords another instance of the unfairness we have alluded to. He, the Prince of Astronomers, deserves the most conspicuous place, although modern disparagers would have us believe that he became insane before he wrote on the prophecies, imputing it to his sitting up many days and nights in succession, trying to turn other metals into gold by the aid of a furnace.

To the southwest (3) is called Bacon. There are two claimants for this monument—Roger Bacon, the discoverer of spectacles, gunpowder, gases, whose writings were centuries in advance of his time, and who was imprisoned ten years for the sake of science, and endured it without complaint. The other, Francis Lord Bacon, who never made a discovery in his life, who inveighed against mathematics and the use of instruments, and who abused his power as a judge to torture men. He is now being found out. Which has the best right we leave to the reader to determine. If the latter is to have a place, let it be on the other side of the moon, out of the sight of scientific men, or in Milton's Limbo.

In the same vicinity is (4) Cuvier, whose discovery of fossil bones in the ground has taught us what animals roamed on the earth in long ages past, and how the tiger, elephant, and rhinoceros lived in England, under the shade of palm-trees growing in that (then torrid) climate. Close by (5) is Maurolycus, which exhibits a high central cone casting a long shadow to the right. Other more recent craters have broken here and there through its walls.

Toward the east (6) belongs to Fernel, who measured the earth by his carriage-wheel revolutions; and (7) to Nonius, whose true name was Peter Nunez, and who invented a scale for measuring minute parts. North of Nonius is a group of four, one of which (8) commemorates Werner, who thought that the face of the earth was made irregular entirely by the action of water. If he has since looked about him on the moon, and observed how pock-marked the surface is, and yet how devoid of water, he must have changed his opinion. A little to the northwest (9) is Geber. Dr. Johnson says that *gibberish* is derived from his name, because he talked so obscurely. Westward (10) is Tacitus, the great historian, distinguished for the very opposite quality, the pithiness of his sentences. Speaking of Roman conquests, he said, "They make a solitude, and call it peace." Between the two is interred the great caliph Almaimon (11), who did so much for Arabic literature, and in the seventh century measured the size of the earth on the shore of the Red Sea, and ascertained its true dimensions within a few miles. Astronomers have not been as much disposed to deny the Arabians their rights as historians have; for within a little distance Abulfeda (12) and Albategnius (13) lie. The latter more than nine hundred years ago determined the length of the year within two minutes. To the east are also Arzachael (14) and Alpetragius (15), distinguished Moorish astronomers; and close by the latter (16) Alphonso, the celebrated astronomical king of Castile, who said that if the heavens were indeed arranged as awkwardly as his contemporaries affirmed, he thought he could have fixed them better himself.

On the shores of the Sea of Nectar (F) are the volcanoes for Descartes (17), the rival of Newton, and (18) for Kant, the metaphysician. To the northeast are the monuments to Hipparchus (20), the father of astronomy, who first numbered the stars, and Ptolemy (21), whose book on the heavens was the great authority for fifteen hundred years. A crater (22), insignificant in size, commemorates Herschel, but, considering the great achievements of father and son, a double one should have been selected for them.

On the brink of the Sea of Vapors (E) are Julius Cæsar (23) and Sosigenes (24), who rearranged the calendar just previous to the birth of Christ. Cæsar, who was a good astronomer, found that autumn fell where winter used to, and winter where spring. He brought Sosigenes from Athens to Rome, to assist him in rectifying this confusion. They gave fourteen months to the next succeeding year, and invented leap year, to avoid the difficulty in the future. On the opposite shore of that sea is Marco Polo (25), the Venetian traveler, whose statement that he saw black stones (that is, *coal*) used for fuel in China was so disbelieved in Europe in the thirteenth century. North of him are the Apennines (26), and on their eastern verge (27) Eratosthenes, called the universe-measurer. Still farther to the east is (28) Copernicus, who is fitly placed, for he is the restorer of the ancient doctrine that the earth revolves around the sun, for which he was put in jail at Rome, and forced to recant on pain of death. Kepler (29) too, still farther to the east, deserves his conspicuous place, for he discovered the three great astronomical laws.

From the top of Kepler, and on the far edge of the moon, is (30) Grimaldi, who proved that light added to light may produce darkness. Aristarchus (31), to the north, occupies the brightest spot on the moon. He is properly located above Copernicus, for he originated the doctrine that the latter developed. The Apennine range, where it turns to the northwest, merges into the Alps, on the western side of which are Eudoxus (32) and Aristotle (33). Few men have exerted a greater intellectual influence than this latter, who, after spending his patrimony in scientific pursuits, kept a druggist's shop in Athens. Subsequently, however, Alexander the Great gave him a million of dollars, and the services of several thousand men to make experiments and write a history of animals. In the midst of the Sea of Showers (D), and surrounded by the cenotaphs of Timocharis (34), who first determined the motions of the planet Venus, of Cassini (35), the first Director of the French Royal Observatory, of Autolycus (36) and Aristillus (37), old Greek astronomers, stands (38) the volcano of Archimedes, the great geometer and mechanician of Syracuse. In the present age of big ships his doings are of the highest interest. Athenæus, in his Deipnosophists, relates how "Hiero, king of the Syracusans, was very earnest in ship-building, having built many vessels to carry corn, the construction of one of which is described. For the wood he caused to be cut down such a number of trees as would have been sufficient for sixty ordinary triremes. She was half finished in six months, and *plated* with lead held on by brass nails, three hundred master workmen besides very many journeymen being employed. Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was the engineer-in-chief, having undertaken the superintendence when the other architect had failed in the launch. He invented the screw, and so drew her into the water. It took six months more to complete the outside. The vessel was propelled by rowers and sails, and had 20 banks of oars. The length was more than 420 feet, and the height out of the water more than 60 feet. Inside there were the most luxurious fittings—gardens and fish-ponds, temples with beautiful mosaic floors, tents, and stables for 20 horses. On the deck were 8 *turrets*, and an engine that threw bolts 18 feet long a distance of 200 yards. The three masts were hollow, and served to convey darts and stones to the men and engines at the mast-heads and on the yards. The prow was furnished with more than one *ram*. When the ship was done Hiero found that no harbor in Sicily could contain it safely, and therefore sent it as a present to the king of Egypt."

We may boast in this age of progress of the things we are doing, but find that more than 2000 years ago there was an Ericsson alive who also could build formidable turreted metal-clad ships, and could launch them when they stuck fast.

On the northern shore of the Sea of Showers (D) is Plato (39). Every one knows how greatly his works were prized by antiquity, but every one does not know that when put up at auction and sold for a slave he only brought 420 dollars. Not far from Plato rests poor Captain Scoresby (40), whom many of us have seen in the flesh—a good whale-fisherman, a writer on magnetism, and Arctic navigator. He appropriately reposes near the north pole of the moon.

We might extend our journey back again toward Tycho, and examine hundreds more of these souvenirs; but as we have already come 3000 miles the reader must be fatigued, and will be ready to rest when he understands that Beer and Mädler, who were the *undertakers* of this funereal work, spent twenty years in accomplishing it.

GENERALS KILPATRICK AND CUSTER.

WE give on page 180 a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, whose late raid in the rear of Lee's army is the most successful of the war. He was born near Deckertown, Sussex County, New Jersey, on January 14, 1836, and is therefore only 28 years of age. He was admitted to West Point, where he graduated in 1861, and entered the United States army as Second Lieutenant of Artillery on May 6, just after the war broke out. A week after he received a First Lieutenancy. He entered the war as Captain of a company in Duryea's regiment (Fifth New York), and was severely wounded in the battle at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. As soon as he recovered he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterward Colonel, of the Harris Light Cavalry. In Pope's Virginia campaign his regiment formed part of the late General Buford's brigade. He took part in the Maryland campaign under General Pleasanton, and in Burnside's campaign he particularly distinguished himself at Falmouth. He participated in Stoneman's raid, commanding a brigade, and traversing 200 miles in less than five days, capturing over 300 prisoners. For this success he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, his commission dating from June 13, 1863. At Aldie, Middleburg, and Hanover, Kilpatrick distinguished himself in the movements preceding the battle of Gettysburg: he also commanded a division in that battle, and was engaged in the pursuit of the rebels to the Potomac. Afterward he came to New York city, where he commanded the cavalry forces during the riots of last summer. General Kilpatrick has lately lost both his wife and child, and is also without father, mother, brother, or sister.

We give also on the first page a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, who was born in Ohio, and was graduated at West Point, 1861, with the grade of a Second Lieutenancy of Cavalry. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself at Williamsburg in the Peninsular Campaign, for which success he was made a First Lieutenant. On June 29, 1863, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He participated in the Cavalry fights upon the Rapidan last fall, and was at one time wounded in the leg, though not seriously. He was married about a month since. In the late expedition, a full account of which will be found in another column, he commanded the Cavalry division lately under the command of General Buford.

THE REBELLION IN 1861 AND IN 1864.

WE give on page 181 a dissolving view of the Rebellion, representing the proportions to which it has been diminished since October 1, 1861. The light tint on the map shows the territory which since that time has been conquered by our forces, amounting to at least one half of the original Confederacy. And the half which has been left has, as the reader will perceive, been entirely cut into two separate sections by our possession of the Mississippi and our victories in East Tennessee.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

THIS town, which is now the head-quarters of General Logan, and a sketch of which we give on page 188, is the only one in the South that I have visited, says our correspondent, that in itself suggests inhabitants of cultivated taste and refinement. The streets are regularly laid out, and well shaded by fine trees. The houses, too, have architectural design—a something that few homes of "ye Tchivalrie" can boast—and have about them gardens well laid out, and very neatly kept. The inhabitants are disposed to be "Union," but are fearful of the consequence of an avowal in its favor, in event of the reoccupation of the town by the rebel troops. Still there are among the citizens very many stanch Union men, who do not hesitate to say their thought. I have seen but one female endeavor to show her dislike for the "wretched Yank." This one, after much effort, got up such a visage that I produced sketch-book and pencil to reproduce the novelty; but she would not stay *en pose*, and for consequence has not the distinguished honor of an appearance in *Harper*. The Court-house Square is each evening the scene of a dress-parade of the Thirteenth Regulars—General Sherman's body-guard, and a splendid regiment—Vicksburg heroes too. The command of General John E. Smith is in and near the town, in camps that are said to be the very neatest that have ever been seen.

THE TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

WE give on page 189 a sketch representing the TWENTIETH REGIMENT, UNITED STATES (COLORED) TROOPS, receiving their colors, in front of the Union League Club-House, Union Square. The regiment, composed of a thousand stalwart men under the command of Colonel Bartram, left its camp on Riker's Island at 9 A.M. on Saturday, March 5, and were conveyed by the steamer *John Romer* to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, when they disembarked and formed in regimental line. The very streets through which they passed were those which, during the riots of last July, had witnessed a far different scene. The hunted then were the fêted now; the crouching suppliants for life then were now the upright and triumphant defenders of the Government that momentarily found itself unable to defend *them* against their persecutors. Over a hundred thousand spectators were assembled on Union Square to witness this noble act of revenge. We quote the following from Colonel Bartram's speech made on that occasion:

> It has been the habit of those among us who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question. In this regard I must be permitted to refer briefly to the conduct of the Eighth United States colored troops, in the last-mentioned action. My reason for doing this is, that for some three or four months I was on duty with this regiment, as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and during this period I had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with its officers and the material composing its rank and file. No regiment ever went to the field better officered than the Eighth, and no regiment ever contained a braver or more resolute set of men. How well they fought is shown by their list of casualties; and, although a subordinate officer in a battery thought it a misfortune to be supported by a colored regiment, yet when we bear in mind that two veteran regiments had already found the position too hot and had retired, I think we can afford to forgive the slander, and say that the misfortune, if misfortune there was, was not in having a colored regiment for a support, but in having an officer in the service of the United States so biased, so ungenerous, so cowardly, as to slander the brave men who fell around his guns.

LOGAN CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK.

ON page 189 we give a sketch of GENERAL LOGAN'S TROOPS MOVING ACROSS LOOKOUT CREEK *en route* FOR EAST TENNESSEE—this movement having connection with the late operations of Grant's army. The command crossing the bridge is that of General Matthias. The view given in the sketch of Lookout Mountain is said to be the very best.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MUCH MORE LIKELY.—An "incorrigible young thief" is more likely to attain "age before honesty!"

A paper called *Le Gratis* has appeared in Paris. It costs forty francs a year. Every thing's dear in France, it seems. You can't get even gratis for nothing.

An Irish gentleman visiting some friends, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and he ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, if he had lived there a month longer, he would die in a fortnight."

M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man, that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore oil-paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

The following contains the alphabet: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut-box of quite a small size."

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-tree near a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

A gentleman who was determined to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg-plants has succeeded in producing a colt from a horse-chestnut and a calf from a cow-ard.

The death of a miser was lately announced thus: "On Friday last died, Josiah Braintree, of Bennington, at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his *money* to the last."

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dush better as dat—I drinks de prandy, and den I rubs mine leg mit de pottle."

"Why don't you fire at those partridges?" exclaimed a gentleman to a Cockney sportsman; "don't you see you have the whole covey before you?" "I know I have," said Tomkins; "but when I have a good aim at one, two or three others will fly up right betwixt me and the one I aim at."

A poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words, "Ye femi-nines!"

"Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sams's. "Don't call me boy, Sir; I'm no boy, Sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton *lamb* any more."

A man noted for his calmness and a scolding wife was one night stopped in the woods by a pretended ghost. "I can't stop, my friend," said he. "If you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass. If you are the devil, come along and take supper, for I married your sister!"

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all?

Where should a captain of a packet-ship keep his poultry?—In the hatchway.

When do 2 and 2 not make 4?—When they are 22.

NEW DANISH OATH.—"Dash my Schles-wig!"

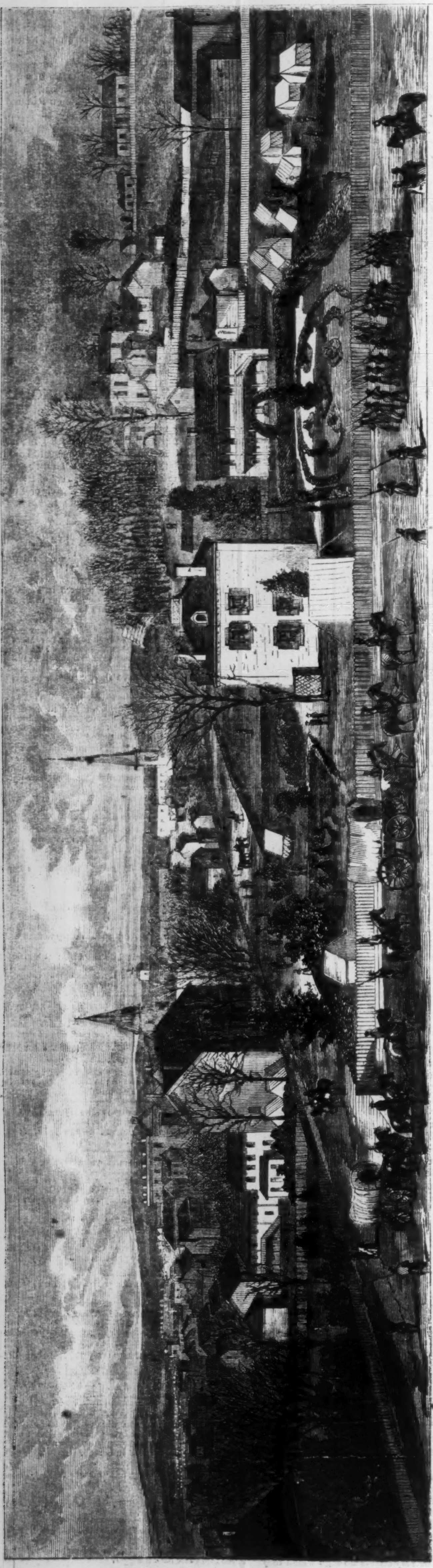
Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is feeling for others.

Some men not only forget their own names when they are drunk, but forget themselves when they are sober.

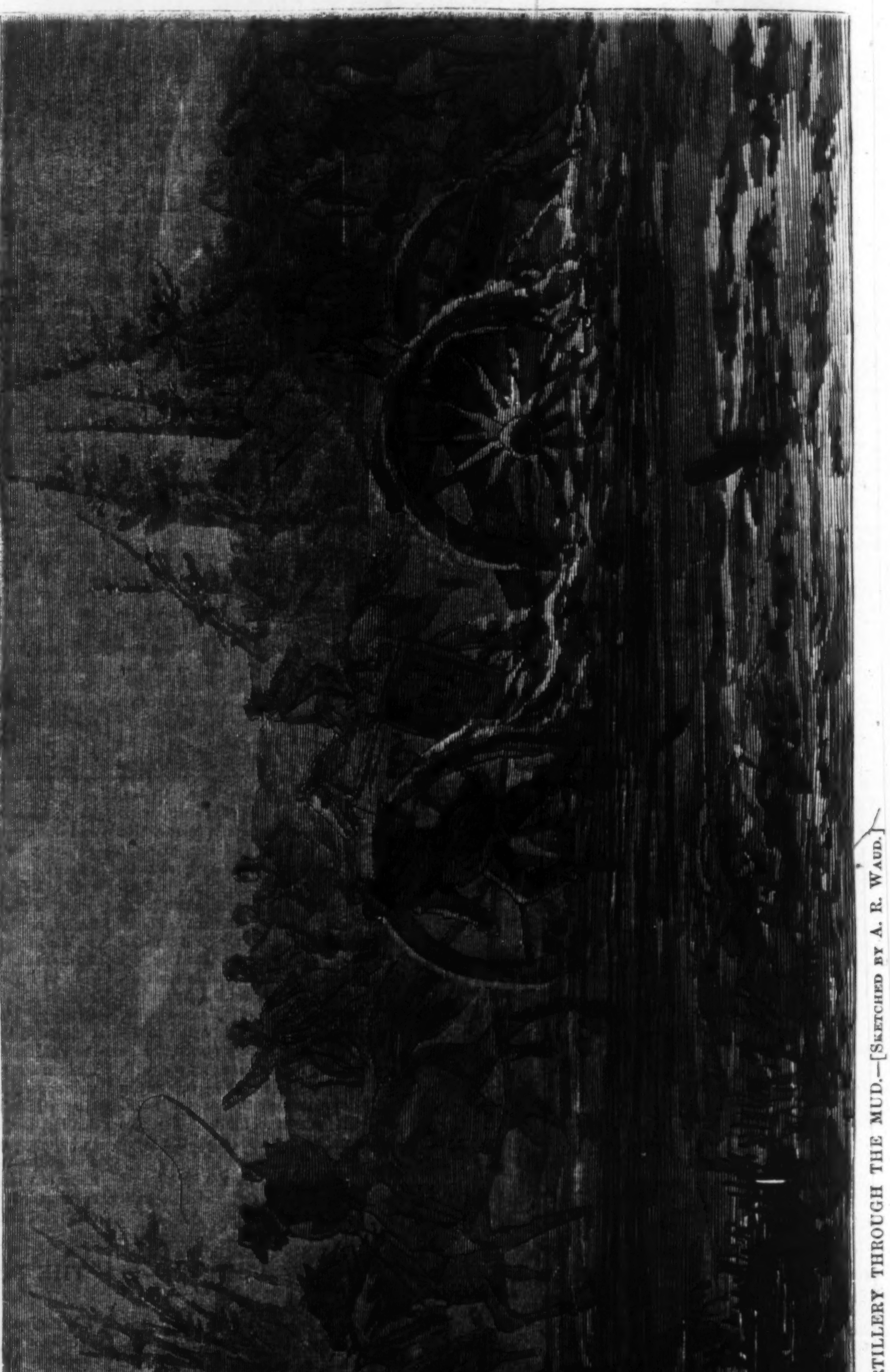
An Irishman, while fishing in a stream, was suddenly caught in a shower of rain, which obliged him to take refuge under a bridge near by. On being asked if he expected to catch any fish there, he replied, "An' shure, won't they be afther comin' in here for the shelter?"

At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?" "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, but it's only the eleventh."

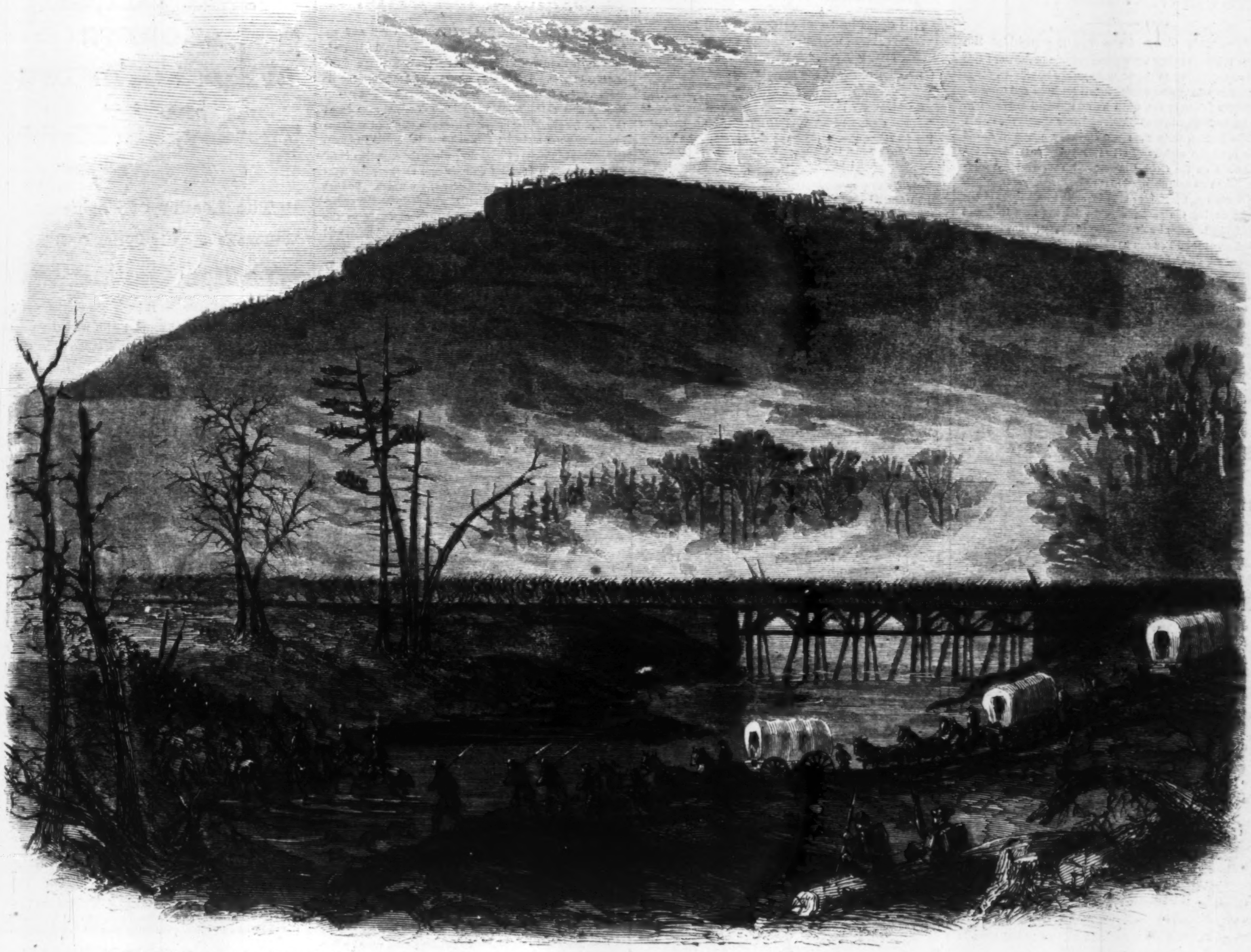
Mrs. Partington, when Ike was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in it, for she did not want to see him come back a nigger.



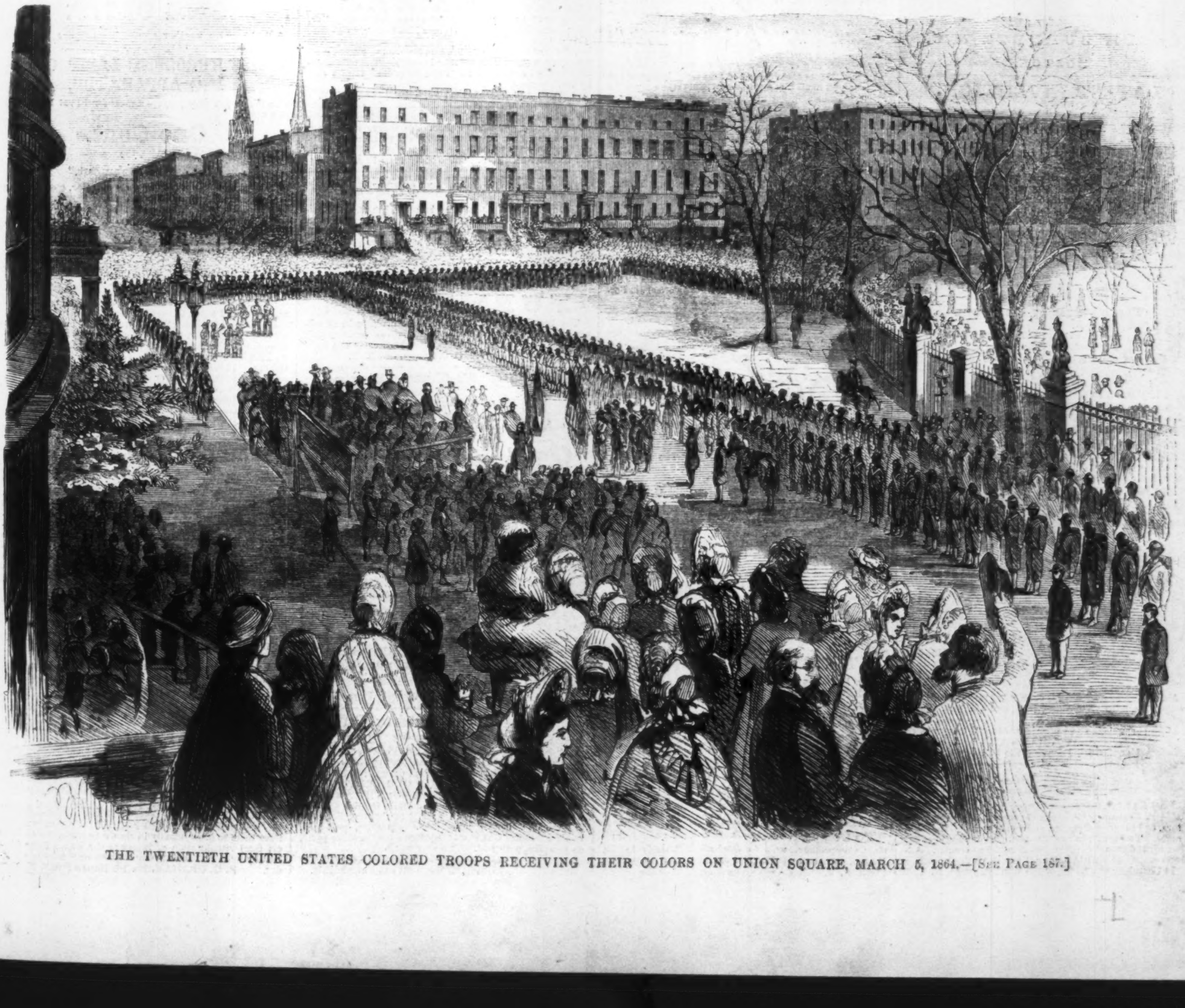
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, FROM GENERAL LOGAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



DRAGGING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MUD.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



A PORTION OF LOGAN'S COMMAND CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK FOR EAST TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 187.]



THE TWENTIETH UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS RECEIVING THEIR COLORS ON UNION SQUARE, MARCH 5, 1864.—[See Page 187.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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For Cooking Purposes.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

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We select the following testimonials:

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PARKER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
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FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

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"Have been found really superior by *thorough* and *exclusive* use in our Establishment for years."
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IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Irodium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

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No. 1.	MEDIUM PEN,	$3 50.
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A Discount of 10 *per cent. made on all orders of* $50 *and upward.*

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Warranted.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Irodium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send these pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

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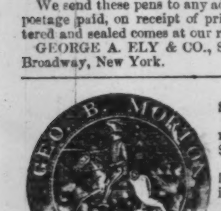

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New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.

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Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1.

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Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
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MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description,* viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

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The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

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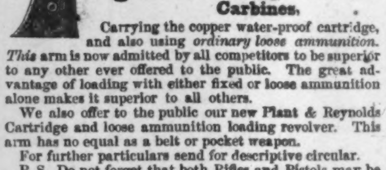

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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition. This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

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For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

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THEIR MEDICAL QUALITIES.—In small and repeated doses, the effect of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills is to increase the activity of the secreting and excreting organs. The alvine discharges become more liquid, and contain a larger proportion of bile. The operation of this extraordinary medicine does not stop here; the membranes of the lungs, of the eyes, and all the membranes become moister; the urine is increased in quantity, except in cases of Diabetes, when the secretion is reduced; the skin becomes damper and at the *same time warmer* where too cool, and cooler if too warm. So that Brandreth's Pills seem to vitalize and promote the excretions generally. Even accumulations of fluids in the shut sacs—as the pleura, the peritoneum, arachnoid, and synovial membranes—diminish in quantity, and in some cases rapidly disappear, from the use of these Pills. They remove, at the same time, all glandular swellings, enlargements and indurations. Phlegmonous and other tumors are apparently melted away by their use, as well as small or large pimples from the face, eyebrows, &c., &c. In large doses, say of from five to ten Pills, they act as a powerful purgative, clearing the bowels first of their contents, and then acting upon the internal organs, cleansing them of slime, mucus, or any concretions not required for their healthy action. Thus the action of Brandreth's Pills is what is required to bring about that state in all the organs, which results in their full restoration to health. The blood-vessels, as well as the blood, are thus restored to perfect purity and vigor.

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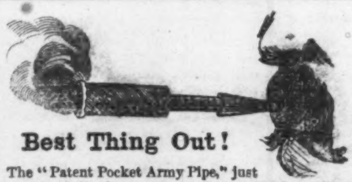
Cor. Ann and Nassau Sts., N. Y.



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But U. S. G. it jist suits me, or any other man.
He dug a trench at Vicksburg, and as sure as you're alive,
He'll dig one more round White House door, in 1865.

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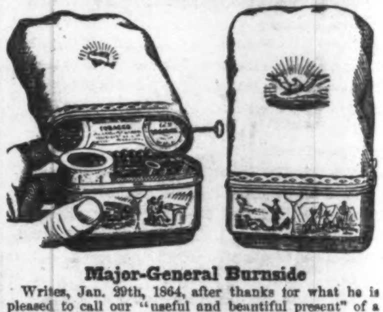

Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case,* it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army,* and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

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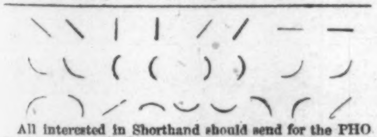

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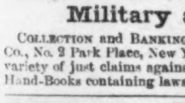

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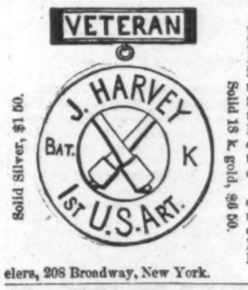

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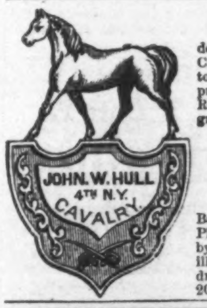

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All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

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All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

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A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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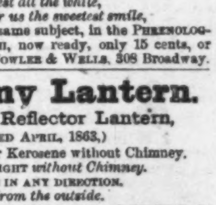

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The Convex Reflector Lantern,

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For burning Coal Oil or Kerosene without Chimney.
Gives a pure white light *without Chimney.*
Stands quick motions in any direction.
Flame is regulated *from the outside.*
Is very substantially made, and convenient in form and size.

Sample sent on receipt of $1.

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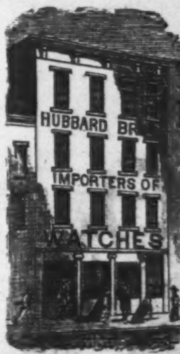

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Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

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First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

For accuracy of movement, beauty of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, these watches must insure

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